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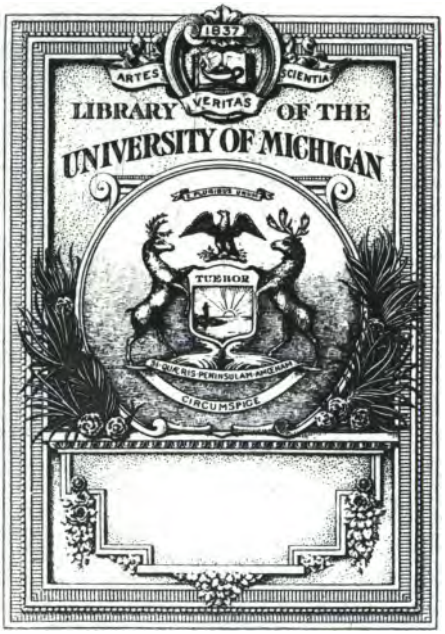
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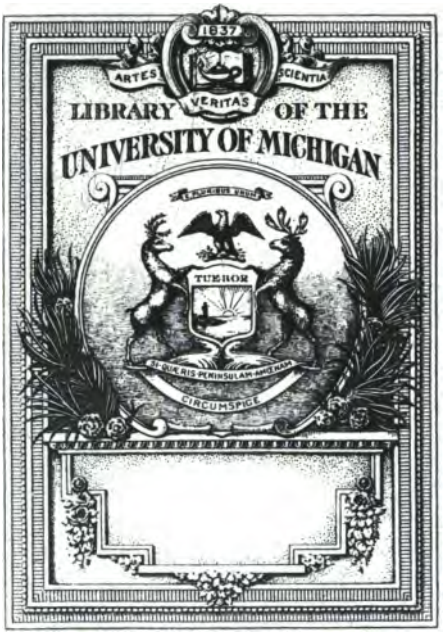


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THE GRAY AND THE

A STORY

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FOR THE UNION.

Edward P. Roe
ROE.

CHICAGO:
RAND, McNALLY & CO., PUBLISHERS.
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THE GRAY AND THE BLUE.

CHAPTER I.

COL. CAULDWELL, OF MISSISSIPPI, AND CAPT. ADAMS, OF ST. LOUIS—FELLOW-TRAVELERS—THE CAPTAIN'S LETTER, AND ITS TELL-TALE POSTSCRIPT.

"No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead."

CAPTAIN SETH ADAMS was passing down the Illinois Central Railroad from Chicago to St. Louis, in a full car. At Kankakee, among others who came aboard, was a gentleman wearing a gray felt hat, very broad in the rim, who walked to near the centre of the car, and there stood looking in vain for an empty seat. He did not look pleased; in fact, he looked up and down the crowded car, and from seat to seat, with an expression that seemed to say: "Very strange nobody offers me a seat!" He was standing exactly at the seat occupied by Captain Adams, but

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either he did not observe that there was but one person in the seat, or he purposely turned his back toward the captain and waited for an invitation to sit down. Seeing this hesitation, and supposing then that the new-comer was unaccustomed to railway traveling, the captain invited the gentleman to sit by him.

"This way, sir," said Adams, as he lifted his valise from the vacant end of the seat; "will you sit here?"

The stranger turned, stared a moment, and then, before accepting the proffered seat, said in a tone of mixed hauteur and politeness:

"Do you know me, suh?"

"No, sir, I do not know you; but that is no reason why I should not offer you a seat."

"Thank you," said the new-comer; "but I thought I recognized your voice and might have met you befo'. Don't you live in the South?"

"St. Louis," replied Captain Adams.

"Yes, suh; I knew you was no Yankee," said the other.

"And I knew you was a Southerner: but do you still dislike Yankees?"

"Well, yes; I hate the regular blue bellies—you are a Western man?" (interrogatively).

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"We generally class them all as Yankees; but I make the distinction, and know the genuine blue belly at sight. Saw a house full of 'em to-day, out on the pra'ry—all with the ear-marks."

"Yes," replied Adams, "they are all over the best part of Illinois, and most of them prospering."

"Prospering! I should think so!—get all they can and keep all they get." Then, after taking his broad-brimmed hat in his hand and combing his long black locks with his fingers, the tall Southerner continued:

"You see, I had business with one Standish to-day—as I was telling you—out on the pra'ry, and soon as I entered the house I knew on sight they were all genuine Yanks. Might have known it from the name if I had thought, but I didn't; no one but a Yankee ever had such a name as Standish."

"And what were the ear-marks that betrayed them?"

"I'll tell you. I had been directed to the house, and when I knocked at the do'—there was but one do'—the wife opened it, and unceremoniously bid me good-morning. 'Colonel

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Cauldwell, I believe? Walk in, suh; husband will be in shortly. Have this chair!' and she took my hat and plumped me down in a big rockin' chair befo' I could get in a word."

"She seemed to understand ear-marks, too, didn't she?" said Adams, with a smile.

"Oh, she knew I was to be thar. Well, I was in the dining-room, and I looked at that table with dinner on it for seven, without counting myself. My God, suh! let me tell you. Table-cloth white as snow; knives and forks, spoons, dishes and table-ware bright as new dollars. And here was the dinner for eight: one little plate of cheese—about two ounces; one little glass dish of honey; one little plate and a dab of butter; another little plate with shavings of dried beef; one small plate of thin-cut bread, white as snow, and one pickled cowcumber, (I swar' it's a fact!) cut into eight long slices, lying on a plate! Would anybody in this world but a Yankee set such a table as that?"

"Perhaps the dinner had not been brought in from the kitchen?" said Adams.

"Well, suh, Mrs. Standish came in directly, and all that Yankee woman brought in was about half a pound of corned beef and a dozen potatoes.

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Add a cup of tea, which the wife and five daughters—*five daughters*, suh!—all drank; and that was dinner for eight. I could have gobbled the whole of it! Rather distinct ear-marks, I should say."

Adams smiled pleasantly, and nodded assent.

"And then, by thunder, suh," continued the colonel, "when I had paid him some money and could not make the exact change, he sent that woman to search for three cents—three cents, suh! and I had to take the coppers!"

All this time Adams listened patiently, but said little. He studied the man's face, and noted his tall figure—his broad-brimmed gray felt hat, his clothing of the same color, his long black hair and heavy mustache, and his entire make-up. Then, looking squarely into the keen gray eyes of his seat-mate, he said, with manifest interest, but great politeness of manner:

"The Yankee woman called you Colonel Cauldwell, I think you said?"

"Yes, suh."

"Colonel Marshall Cauldwell?"

"Yes, suh. Have we met befo'? There is something familiar in your voice."

"I happen to know a young lady of your name

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who spells her name as you do—with a *u*—as I infer."

"At St. Louis?"

"Yes; at St. Louis."

"It can not be my sister Genevieve? Our family came in Revolutionary days from the North of Ireland—Protestants, you know, suh—and we all spell the name with a *u*."

A good deal of general conversation followed as the cars sped along, which was at last ended abruptly by the conductor's cry: "Effingham; twenty minutes for supper; St. Louis passengers take the next car forward."

"Sorry to leave you, suh," said Cauldwell, as the two gentlemen left the cars; "but I go on to Mississippi." And after a hearty meal Cauldwell gave his new acquaintance an unusually cordial good-bye, as he returned to the Cairo car, while Adams took the Vandalia line for St. Louis. And for some miles, as the diverging trains flew over the prairie, each mused thoughtfully of the other.

"Strange! thought Cauldwell, "that I should be so drawn to a total stranger. I have certainly met him before. He appears too young to have been in the army; and if I did not meet

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him there, where did I hear that voice? Why did I not learn his name?"

But Captain Adams knew his man. He had seen him before, and he well knew where. "But could Colonel Cauldwell be, indeed, the brother of Miss Genevieve? I must ask the 'Old Philosopher'! Chartervale will, of course, know, as they say he knows everything. But, then, he is her uncle, I think, and of course he knows."

Cauldwell was mistaken. Seth Adams had not been too young to be a soldier in the war for the Union, though he was still not thirty years old. When he entered the service as a lieutenant of engineers he was not yet eighteen, though, from his tall, well-developed and manly appearance, no question had been raised as to his age. At the time of this incidental meeting with Colonel Cauldwell, Adams was sufficiently changed from the youthful soldier of 1862 to account for the colonel's failure to recognize him. And when Cauldwell looked upon the robust man six feet in height, with moustache and flowing beard, and expressing in voice and manner and entire address the calm confidence of assured manhood, he failed to see that he was that young lieutenant of the Union army to whom he owed the highest

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possible obligation. Nevertheless, he looked upon the fine figure, the fair skin, flowing light-brown hair, and large cordial, honest, deep blue eyes of Adams with an admiration which it was not his wont to extend to any man. But the voice it was which impressed him most. He had, indeed, heard that voice fifteen or more years ago; and it afterward haunted him from its unexplained familiarity when he heard it upon the train. But there are voices which strike us with familiarity when heard for the first time; when we curiously wonder when and where we heard them before. And such a voice had Adams.

Captain Adams was now a civil engineer, had assisted in the construction of the great steel bridge at St. Louis, and was proud to have held even a subordinate position in that wonderful work, where the great river had been beaten upon his own ground, and the vast piers had been sunk through thirty yards of Mississippi mud to the solid rock. And now, when his train had reached East St. Louis, and he—for certain reasons—was crossing the Father of Waters upon the steam ferryboat, he looked down toward the great steel arches which were seen to spring from pier to pier, proud to feel that he, too, had wrought in

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this grand triumph of engineering, even though his place had been a subordinate one. It was 8 o'clock at night. A round moon was coming up over the American Bottom, and throwing a silvery radiance over river and bridge, and illuminating the eastern aspect of the greatest trans-Mississippi city. A steamer was rounding out from the crowded landing, and went whizzing by, down through the bridge piers and away. Others at the wharf were ringing their bells or blowing their deep-toned steam signals, while above the city itself the gaslights from the streets and the beams of the rising moon commingled in strange glamour in the overspread canopy of smoke.

Arrived at his hotel, he went to his room, wrote the following note, put a dispatch-stamp on the envelope, attached a small package to the note, and took it himself to the hotel clerk to be sent out by the messenger-boy in the morning:

PLANTERS' HOUSE, 6 P. M., Tuesday.

DR. W. CHARTERVALE, Hermitage,
Near Shaw's Garden.

MY DEAR SIR: I examined the tooth of the *Elephas Americanus* in the natural history rooms at Chicago, this morning, in careful comparison with your specimen, and have no hesitation in saying that your fragment belonged

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to the extinct American elephant. I return your interesting fossil herewith, and will thank you for a line acknowledging the receipt, as it is too valuable to lose.

It occurs to me to ask if your young lady friend, whom I first met at your house, has relatives in Mississippi? I allude, of course, to Miss Cauldwell.

Your friend, SETH ADAMS.

By 9 o'clock next morning this note—which so resembled a woman's letter, with the most important item in the postscript—was at The Hermitage and in the hands of Dr. Chartervale. This man and his pleasant suburban home play prime parts in this narrative, and the reader will find it to his interest to accept an introduction now.

William Chartervale was born at Cincinnati, of English parentage, about 1810, and at the era of our story was nearly sixty-seven years old. He studied medicine, and graduated as soon as he was old enough; was a great student, not only of his special department, but of general science in all its phases, and of literature and the arts. Hungry for knowledge, he sought it in countless ways, and digested all the vast mass which he devoured. At the breaking out of the war for the Union he left his extensive practice at St. Louis, where he had accumulated a fortune, and went into the

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Union army as a surgeon. At the close of the war he built for himself that large and beautiful home in the suburbs of St. Louis, known as "The Hermitage," and gave himself up almost wholly to scientific pursuits. Genial, kindly, courteous to all, forbearing and universally tolerant, the "Old Philosopher" (as his friends delighted to call him) was esteemed by all who knew him. Personally, he was of medium height and somewhat robust; head large, with abundance of flowing (but not curling) dark brown hair, now touched with gray; forehead high and broad, with large blue-gray eyes looking out from under a prominent brow, and a face to match—they never wore a frown.

Such was the master of The Hermitage. And as the man, so was his home and its appointments and surroundings. Out doors—fruits, flowers, vines, arbors, well-cropt swards, grassy banks and pleasant walks; indoors—besides domestic apartments and furniture—library, conservatories, cabinets of fossils and recent shells, art room, and a well-stocked laboratory, with no end of philosophical instruments and miscellaneous curiosities. Nor were any of these things for mere show. Dr. Chartervale was familiar with them

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all. In the laboratory was a fine microscope, and in the cupola, at the top of the great stairway, a good six-inch telescope, the instruments forming, as the doctor was fond of saying, "the outpost sentinels of human knowledge."

When Dr. Chartervale opened and read the note which Captain Adams had dispatched to him on the night previous, he smiled as he turned to his little black-eyed sister, to whom he had always confided all family affairs, and, handing the letter to her, said:

"The small end of this letter is the heaviest."

"Oh," said Annie; "it is from Captain Adams. I knew he would take pleasure in making the investigation for you."

"Yes; but he inquires about Genevieve Cauldwell's kindred. He wrote that note and returned the specimens last night, you see—after his long ride from Chicago."

"Yes; he knew that you were anxious to know about it, and returned it promptly."

"Read the last three lines again, dear," said the doctor, with an expressive smile. Miss Chartervale read: "It occurs to me to ask if your lady friend, whom I met first at your house, has

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relatives in Mississippi?" Then, after a pause, she added:

"If Captain Adams—a Union soldier—expects so bitter a rebel as Colonel Cauldwell to approve any but the most formal acquaintance between him and the colonel's sister and ward, he will soon learn his mistake. You ought to caution the captain, dear."

"Not I, indeed. I shall answer his interrogatory, and perhaps add a few words of the personal history of Colonel Cauldwell. Adams is no boy, and may be safely trusted to manage his own little affairs."

"Well, tell him at least how great a rebel the colonel was, and how he hates all Northern men."

Dr. Chartervale wrote as follows:

THE HERMITAGE, Wednesday Morning.

CAPTAIN SETH ADAMS, Planters House.

MY DEAR CAPTAIN: Many thanks for the favor you did me at Chicago. The specimen reached me all right this morning. I was very confident it was elephant and not mastodon, as had been suggested by some of my friends.

Yes, Miss Cauldwell (my wife's cousin, as you know) has a brother who lives with his wife at or near the town of Prentiss, in Mississippi,—the beautiful town which some of our Union soldiers found it necessary to burn during the war. Colonel Cauldwell was a bitter rebel

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(so-called), and to this day hates with a bitter hatred all Union soldiers, and especially all true Yankees. He is otherwise a man of sense and a kind brother. He is also his sister's guardian under the laws of his own State and of Missouri. He really believes himself to be a great patriot—and he is,—but I think his patriotism is bounded by the Mississippi on the west, and on the other sides by Louisiana and the Gulf, Alabama and Tennessee. I know him pretty well, and have told you the worst which can be truly said of him.

How did it "happen" to occur to you to make the inquiry, Captain?

I am, your friend, W. CHARTERVALE.

P. S.—Come out and dine with us Sunday.

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CHAPTER II.

MONTICELLO SEMINARY, AND THE BUDDING OF A ROMANCE—A CONTRABAND LETTER—MISS CAULDWELL'S HOLIDAY AT THE HERMITAGE—AN ELEPHANT'S TOOTH.

THE "Monticello Seminary" for young ladies, as is widely known, is at Godfrey, Illinois. It was founded by the wise liberality of a gentleman from whom the romantic little town takes its name. To be a graduate of Monticello is a badge of distinction of which any young lady may be proud; and thousands of passengers on the great railroad which runs through the village remember the delightful glimpse of the Seminary buildings which is permitted by the grand old trees which surround them, and many, in looking at the quiet seclusion of Monticello, have thought, "If there's peace to be found in the world, it is there!"

Two hundred young ladies together, and all the cares and vexations of the world excluded! Love—except that sweet sisterly affection which

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springs naturally among school girls—is never permitted to pass the threshold of Monticello. Not even a letter from a young gentleman in the coolest guise of friendship must enter the sacred doors. Of course, no young lady thinks of anything but literature and belles-lettres, and Cupid dare not even look over the garden wall.

But "Love laughs at locksmiths," and even into this quiet retreat a letter from a young gentleman —a very harmless affair—did find its way one sunny Thursday morning. The letters by the St. Louis mail were all brought in as usual, and handed to the matron for distribution. Looking them over carefully, the good and careful matron selected one which was under ban at first sight; it had a return address on the left-hand corner, which read: "Seth Adams, Civil Engineer, St. Louis."

"Ask Miss Genevieve Cauldwell to call at my room," said the good matron, who had never in her life had a love affair, and did not mean that any one else should while under her protection.

Miss Cauldwell, accompanied by her room-mate, called as requested. Her face was calm and beautiful as usual, and not the faintest blush

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suffused her cheek as she offered to take the letter which she saw in the matron's hand.

"Wait a moment, dear," said the watchful matron. "This letter is from a gentleman unknown to me as belonging to your family. You remember the rule?—it must be opened in my presence, or forwarded to your friends at The Hermitage."

"Certainly, Madam," said Miss Cauldwell with perfect composure. "Who is it from? Please open and read it yourself; I have no gentleman correspondent."

"The letter is from a Mr. Adams, civil engineer. Who is he?"

This announcement was received with a very slight start. Miss Cauldwell hesitated. Then she said quietly: "Perhaps you had better forward it to The Hermitage."

And then, seeing the matron about to put the letter in her pocket, and unable to bear the suspense of waiting to know the contents until she should meet Dr. Chartervale, she said:

"I have no idea as to why the gentleman writes to me; read the letter, please."

The matron opened the envelope, and handing the letter to Miss Cauldwell, requested the young

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lady to read it aloud. Genevieve looked hastily down the page to be sure there was nothing contraband, and then very calmly read:

MY DEAR MISS CAULDWELL:

I presume upon the very slight but very pleasant acquaintance which I was permitted to form with you at The Hermitage to ask you about a gentleman I met upon the train a few days since. His name was Cauldwell—Colonel Marshall Cauldwell—spelled with a *u* as your own name is. We became somewhat intimate, and I was so much interested in him that I am curious to know if he is a relative of yours? Will you be kind enough to let me have at least a single line in reply (care Planters House), and very much oblige

Yours, with much respect, SETH ADAMS.

Miss Cauldwell's room-mate broke into a merry laugh as the reading of this business-like epistle ended, and said: "It's too good! I thought it was a——"

"A what, Miss Jane? Don't be giddy," said the wily matron, as she sat down at once and wrote a reply to the note of Captain Adams:

S. ADAMS, ESQ.

DEAR SIR: The matron of Monticello Seminary, at the request of Miss Cauldwell, replies to your note of inquiry by saying that Colonel Marshall Cauldwell, of Prentiss, Miss., is her brother and her guardian.

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The matron also begs leave to call attention to the *note* at the top of this sheet.

Respectfully, THE MATRON.

The note referred to was printed in small type at the top of the letter-sheet of the institution, as follows :

All correspondence with and by the young ladies of this institution, except with near kindred and female friends, is *strictly forbidden.*

And that was the only reply to the respectful and altogether proper inquiry of Captain Adams. The matron suspected that the captain's letter meant more than it said; Miss Cauldwell secretly hoped so, and her room-mate openly said so.

"Now, Vieve," said Miss Jane, when the two had returned to their own room, "who is he, anyhow? and what do you think of it?"

"What do I think of what?" said "Vieve," replying to the second question first.

"Oh, the letter, of course. Ah, Vieve! He's the very one you've been talking about. I wouldn't have a Yankee soldier if he was the last man alive. What would your brother say?"

"Jane Waterbury, what do you mean? Who

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said anything about having anybody? But, indeed, Captain Adams is a very fine looking man, and polite and manly as any Southern gentleman I ever saw."

"He is a Yankee!"

"He is no Yankee! Don't you know the difference? He's a Western man."

"It all comes to the same thing. Did not Western soldiers burn down your town, and nearly roast your own brother alive? No Yankee soldier for me!"

"Jane Waterbury, you never saw Captain Adams. If you had, you would——"

"Have fallen in love with him? as I believe in my soul you have done. Vieve, write to him anyhow! I will mail your letter."

"Thank you; but I can mail my own letters. If Captain Adams wishes to improve his acquaintance with me, he can find the way, I suppose. There's the bell for recitation. Come!"

And these two Southern girls, who were affectionate as sisters, went hastily together to the recitation room."

This was Thursday morning. On this day by the morning train came a letter from The Hermitage inviting Genevieve to come down Satur-

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day and stay over Sunday with her cousin, Mrs. Chartervale. A cordial invitation was also extended to Genevieve's friend and school-mate, Miss Waterbury, to come also. And so it was agreed to go, Genevieve, who was accustomed to be there, assuring her friend that The Hermitage was a most delightful place, and that Dr. Chartervale was "just splendid," for an old gentleman, and "knew everything."

An hour's ride Saturday morning took them to St. Louis, where they found the doctor and Miss Chartervale awaiting them in their carriage at the Union Depot, and in another hour they were at The Hermitage.

The day was delightful; The Hermitage and all its surroundings were bathed in sunshine, and Miss Waterbury, who was less composed and more effusive than Genevieve, broke into exclamations of delight.

"Oh, Vieve!" she exclaimed, "show me about these entrancing grounds before we go in; you are at home here."

"And shall I not go with you?" said the kind-hearted doctor. "I enjoy the grounds all the more because I made them entrancing, as you say."

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"Thank you, Doctor, if it will be no trouble to you. But nature seems to have fitted up this spot specially for a pleasant place."

"Nature furnished the foundation certainly," replied the doctor, taking the young ladies one upon each arm; "but when I bought the bare ground for a song ten years ago, the wise ones laughed at me for an old blockhead. 'The place is fit for nothing but a slaughter-house,' they said. I cut it into terraces, leveled it here and there, built my house, planted my grounds, and now here we have The Hermitage."

And so half an hour was spent in delighted exclamations from Miss Waterbury and delightful explanations from the Old Philosopher. And the word "delightful" is used advisedly; for Dr. Chartervale had the happy power of interesting old and young alike in all he said, and to drop fresh thoughts like snowflakes on all subjects, bright and sparkling.

"Now, Genevieve," said the doctor, after the party had gone into the house, "I leave you to show Miss Waterbury through The Hermitage—'upstairs, downstairs, in a lady's chamber.'"

They began at the bottom, and entered the museum and laboratory first. On a table, with

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the other fossils and many curious things, lay the specimen of elephant's tooth which had been the subject of Captain Adams' communication, with the letter itself lying open beside it. Seeing that the letter related to the specimen, Miss Waterbury read it aloud. When she had read the query at the bottom and seen the signature, she exclaimed, in a tone of surprise and with wide-open eyes :

"Oh, Vieve ! look here." And so handed the open letter to Genevieve, who read it with outward composure and a burning cheek, and then said, in a tone of evidently assumed vexation :

"It is very strange that a gentleman so intelligent as Captain Adams should think it necessary to write *two* letters for so unimportant an inquiry."

"Perhaps Dr. Chartervale did not choose to reply."

"He *always* replies to everybody about everything."

"Perhaps the doctor saw his drift and discouraged him."

"There wasn't much encouragement in the reply to his second letter." (This in a tone of assumed vexation over the whole matter, at the same time turning her face away.)

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"What will you do about it?"

"Nothing. Let us go to the conservatory; you love flowers."

"And *you* 'love your love and your love loves you.' Oh, I wish I could see him, Vieve!"

"You called him a Yankee, and you hate Yankees."

"But I just wish to see if he's good-looking."

While the young ladies were passing to the conservatory, Dr. Chartervale slipped quietly into the room they had left and put Captain Adams' letter into his pocket. He had not been careful —for some reason or other—that Genevieve should not see that letter, but he preferred that it should be out of sight before the captain came to dinner. It might prove embarrassing.

In the conservatory Genevieve was deeply interested in a new cactus—or assumed to be—which she had not before seen. "Oh, Jane," said she, "isn't that just exquisite? I must sketch it, and when we get back I must finish it up." And off she ran to the next room for paper and pencil.

"You can't do it, Vieve. It's all a pretense. You are not thinking of the cactus at all," said Jane.

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But paying no heed to her vivacious companion, Genevieve did make a very passable sketch of the cactus; while Miss Waterbury roamed from plant to flower and from flower to plant, all the while watching Genevieve. By the time the sketch was finished, dinner was announced, and the further survey of The Hermitage was postponed until afternoon.

At dinner Dr. Chartervale said to Miss Waterbury, who sat near him: "Do you pay any attention to natural history at Monticello?"

"Some of the girls do. I have very little interest in beasts and toads."

"But all living things belong to the broad domain of natural history; even botany is one of its branches. You are fond of flowers, of course?"

"Oh, yes, indeed! I am studying botany; and Genevieve includes natural history in her course."

"I obtained a fine specimen of the mammoth or American elephant's tooth, last week; but as the specimen was only a fragment, I sent it to Chicago a few days since, for comparison, to remove all question about it. And Captain Adams, who made the comparison for me" (looking at Genevieve) "found it all right."

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Genevievè did not appear to hear this remark at all, but looked straight at her plate and plied knife and fork as if very hungry. Miss Waterbury looked toward her with a significant smile. Then she said:

"Doctor, where was your specimen obtained?"

"Near Bunker Hill, in Illinois; it was sent to me by my old friend, Professor Adams."

"'Tis very strange all these things must be found up North. I never heard of anything of the kind down our way. Did you, Vieve?"

Miss Genevieve looked up innocently, as if she had not heard the conversation, and replied,

"What is it?"

And then Dr. Chartervale, seeing that Genevieve was blushing slightly and was somewhat confused, answered for her:

"Oh, yes; the largest fossil ever found on the continent was obtained in the State of Alabama."

"Yes," said Genevieve, now fully composed, "that was the Zeuglodon, was it not?"

"Yes, that was the Zeuglodon. It was on exhibition for some time in this city."

"But where did you obtain that beautiful

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cactus?" inquired Genevieve, as if anxious to change the subject from Zeuglodons and elephants' teeth. "I saw it in the conservatory and made a sketch of it. I am through with my dinner, and will show it to you." And away she went as if to return immediately, but did not return at all.

An hour later, during a walk in the vineyard, Miss Waterbury turned suddenly and said:

"Vieve, did you know Captain Adams was the son of Professor Adams?—the very gentleman who lectured to us a month ago, I suspect. He was a grand old man."

"Jane Waterbury, you will oblige me if you will not mention that name again for—twelve hours."

Jane Waterbury laughed merrily, hummed Gallagher's once familiar song, "They told me not to love him," and said no more. But she thought that if Captain Adams was as handsome as his old father had evidently been, she could forgive him for having been a Federal soldier.

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CHAPTER III.

DEAF, DUMB AND BLIND, YET NOT CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD —A STRANGE INTERVIEW—A PARIS MARRIAGE, AND THE MYSTERY SURROUNDING IT.

WHEN the young ladies returned from their walk among the vines they were met by Dr. Chartervale, who told Miss Genevieve that her cousin was waiting to receive her, and asked Miss Waterbury if she would be presented to Mrs. Chartervale, adding that it would be a sad scene, and of a character, so far as he was aware, without precedent.

Mrs. Chartervale had been Miss Fanny Gwynn, of Ohio, and at the time of her marriage to the doctor was an expert telegraph operator in her native town. She was then a woman of fine physique, possessing much personal beauty, and was highly educated and accomplished, with a fondness for art, science and literature, and had traveled extensively in Europe. She had become a telegraph operator out of a whim born of the

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strange infatuation with which the telegraph had always affected her, and had married Dr. Chartervale after a brief acquaintance, from a very warm attachment, intensified by congenial tastes and a deep conviction that, notwithstanding his greater age, he was the man of all the world to make her happy. In this she had not been disappointed; a more loving and devoted husband never lived, as the sequel proved. Five years after her marriage she had been in her carriage behind a runaway team, and was thrown out and injured in a wonderful manner. Striking the back of the head and neck against some solid body, she had been at first paralyzed and wholly insensible, and as she came out of that condition she proved to be totally blind and deaf! And so she had continued ever since. The eyes were affected with paralysis of the optic nerve, causing complete amaurosis and perfect blindness, without disfiguring the eyes, which still showed as clear and beautiful as if capable of sight. The auditory nerve, affected in the same manner, made hearing impossible. Add to this paralysis of the vocal organs and aphony, and the poor lady's condition was most pitiable.

After the general health of Mrs. Chartervale

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had been fully restored, it occurred to the doctor to send for a telegrapher, and see if it would not be possible to communicate with her by the Morse alphabet. A young woman, who was an expert operator and able to read the dot-and-dash alphabet by sound, was brought, and by the doctor's instruction an experiment was made by moving a pencil back and forth between the thumb and forefinger, after the manner of operating with the Morse key in the telegraph. The effect was wonderful! The poor lady instantly made demonstrations of delight, and taking the pencil in her own right hand she made answering signals between the thumb and finger of the left. The young woman understood them at once, and from that moment intercommunication between herself and her friends was complete. And this was what Miss Waterbury was now about to witness.

On entering the room usually occupied by Mrs. Chartervale, Miss Waterbury (who had been made aware of the lady's condition) was surprised and delighted. She found it tastefully furnished, with every possible regard to the comfort of its occupant, and neither sad nor gloomy, as she had anticipated. In a large and richly upholstered

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arm-chair sat Mrs. Chartervale, with bright and happy face, with not anything to indicate that she was deaf and dumb and blind. To the right arm of her chair was attached a Morse telegraph key, which she was manipulating, while a young woman at her side was listening and making occasional replies by signal with a pencil between the left thumb and finger of Mrs. Chartervale.

On entering the room the doctor had introduced Miss Waterbury to the young woman telegrapher (who was regularly employed as interpreter), and said:

"Miss Tyndal, Miss Waterbury desires to be presented; allow me to do it, please."

Miss Tyndal took another seat, and the doctor himself took her place. He had learned to be sufficiently expert with the Morse alphabet to converse with his wife quite well. She recognized his signals at once, and appeared delighted. After feeling the doctor's signals on her thumb for a minute, she began to move the key rapidly in reply. The doctor did not quite get her words, and looked to Miss Tyndal, who was intently following the signals:

"She says, 'Have the young lady give her full

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name, if she please,'" said Miss Tyndal, interpreting.

"My full name is Jane Langdon Waterbury," said the young lady.

Mrs. Chartervale appeared startled, and quickly said by signal on the key:

"And your mother's name was Jane Langdon Waterbury?"—Miss Tyndal still acting as interpreter.

Miss Waterbury was now excited in turn—indeed, she appeared strangely excited. But controling herself, she said:

"Tell her that is indeed my mother's name."

The doctor made the proper signals.

"And your father's name was John C. Waterbury?" was the next sentence from Mrs. Chartervale.

Miss Waterbury burst into tears, and for some moments could make no reply. Then she turned to the doctor, begged his pardon for the unexplained tears, and requested him to ask Mrs. Chartervale how she knew those facts. The reply came promptly:

"I was at your mother's wedding in the city of Paris."

Miss Waterbury was agitated and confused.

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She begged pardon for the expressions of feeling which she could not avoid; begged that they would not now ask for explanations, and requested the doctor to ask whether a visit from her mother in Mississippi would be acceptable; and she was assured that Mrs. Chartervale would be delighted to have her come.

Presently Miss Tyndal again sat down at her place, and acted as operator and interpreter.

"Say to her (meaning Mrs. C.) that we shall have two or three friends to dinner to-morrow," said the doctor.

Having understood this, Mrs. Chartervale inquired who they were. The reply dictated to Miss Tyndal was: "Captain Adams and a friend of his."

Miss Waterbury had sufficiently recovered herself by this time to observe that there was a faint blush — the very faintest — on the cheek of Genevieve, and that she appeared to be making an effort to seem careless. That young lady turned to her companion and said:

"I promised to show you the pictures, Jane; let us retire." The young ladies went out. In the hall, at the foot of the stairs, they were joined by Miss Annie, the doctor's sister, and all three

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passed into the library, where was a fine collection of paintings, engravings, and other works of art. But Miss Waterbury declared she was too much impressed by the sad interview just terminated above stairs to be interested in pictures. "That poor lady," said she; "how terrible is her condition!"

"But it is less terrible than you imagine, bad as it is," said Annie.

"How could it be more terrible?"

"She does not suffer; she might be on a bed of agony for years; she is very thankful it is no worse, and that she is able to enjoy life, notwithstanding the privations of sight and hearing."

"Yes, she lives; but you can scarcely say that she enjoys life."

"But she does, and she says so. You saw the vase of flowers at her side? My brother renews them with his own hand every day. It would make you weep from sympathy to see her fondle a new rose and trace its petals with her delicate and sensitive fingers. She can not say, 'How beautiful,' but her face lights up with expressions more significant than words. When she knows we are with her she is very happy, and her tele-

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graph key rattles with delight as she expresses her emotions."

"But she is cut off from the world in eternal darkness and silence; how terrible!"

"Oh, no; she is in darkness and in silence; but Miss Tyndal reads the daily news to her, and she feels herself as in the world and of the world, as you and I do."

"Is there no hope for her eyes? They do not look blind, and they impressed me as being very beautiful."

"The doctors give her no hope. The paralyzed optic nerve is beyond all surgery, and though her eyes look nearly natural, they see no more than eyes of glass."

"Who is Miss Tyndal, her interpreter?"

Genevieve answered this question.

"Miss Judith Tyndal is the sister of Captain Tyndal, chief of the United States secret service in this region. It is a very responsible position, and he is a very superior officer. His sister is quite lady-like, and has been with the family for three years. Indeed, she is almost one of the family; is fully trusted, and has the run of the house. She appears to be very devoted to cousin Fanny."

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"I don't like her," said Miss Waterbury, in her outspoken way. "She looks out sidewise under her brow."

"Oh, Jane, that's one of your whims," replied Genevieve; "and you dislike the Irish as much as you do the Yankees."

"No, it did not occur to me that she was Irish, but I suppose she is. I must have known it by instinct, without being aware of it."

At this moment the music of a piano came floating down the great stairway, filling the library room with a very storm of sound. Miss Waterbury turned to listen.

"It is my cousin," said Genevieve.

"Why! is it possible she plays?"

"Yes, after a fashion; listen."

Miss Waterbury was quite a musician, and she soon detected sonmething peculiar.

"It appears to be without modulation," she said. "It is all noise, and all *fortissimo*."

"And yet the time. as you will perceive, is perfect."

"That is very strange," said Miss Waterbury, "that one both blind and deaf should enjoy music."

"But, then, she does not," interposed Miss

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Annie. "For the first year after her misfortune she continued to play quite well, and appeared to enjoy the music she did not hear. But she gradually lost all musical appreciation, until she could no longer follow the composition in thought. My brother says that, not hearing her own sounds, she could no longer control them; in the same manner as the power of speech is lost to the accidentally deaf. But she enjoys the mere mechanical exercise of the fingers, and especially the rhythmical measurement of time. That she does through what my brother says is called 'the muscular sense.'"

Miss Annie had caught her brother's mode of thought and expression. In fact, though but twenty years old, she was "learned in all the wisdom" of her remarkable brother, and was sometimes spoken of among her friends as "The Little Philosopher," though, from sheer modesty and a deep regard for the doctor, whom she revered, she often credited her own thoughts to her brother.

After supper, when the young ladies from Monticello had retired to their room,—they preferred to be together,—Genevieve said:

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"Do you really think, Jane, that my cousin Fanny ever really knew your mother?"

"There is a profound mystery about that matter, Genevieve," replied Jane. "You shall know it some day. Please do not ask me now. All that I can say is that if Mrs. Chartervale really was present at my mother's wedding, it will be a piece of great good fortune that ever I came with you to The Hermitage."

Genevieve did not press her question; but she was more than ever convinced of what she had for some time expected—that there was some unexplained mystery in her friend's history, about which she was very tender. She knew that, like herself, she resided in Bolivar county, Miss.; she knew Jane's uncle, Colonel Langdon (whom she had met at Prentiss), and that, with her mother, she lived with that uncle; that was all. But Jane Waterbury was herself a mystery to Genevieve. She was not only vivacious and ready to overflow with merry laughter upon the slightest occasion, but she was given to fits of unaccountable sadness, when she was silent and reflective. She was subject to outbursts of generous confidence and full of unselfish kindness; but, at the same time, was

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frequently jealous, without cause, passionate and implacable. Short of stature, but perfectly proportioned; brunette of complexion, but with a skin soft as satin; large gray eyes, which languished and flashed by turns; jet black hair, straight as an Indian's, but soft as silk; and a low, soft, sweet voice, which could ripple, or murmur, or storm, or keep silent, at will—this was the portrait of Jane Waterbury.

And yet this wayward maiden was the boon companion and confidential friend of Genevieve Cauldwell—different in all her moods and all her outward expression. Genevieve was slightly above medium stature, with a figure faultless in all its outlines. Her complexion was fair, though her long and abundant hair was glossy black, as were her well-arched eyebrows and her long shining lashes. She walked with the springy step of an Arab steed, but with the majesty of a queen. A high, broad forehead is not now accounted beautiful at Fashion's court; but that of Genevieve Cauldwell was high and broad and beautiful, compelling the admiration of even those who, in subjection to Fashion's decree, concealed the forehead in a profusion of tresses. It was smooth as ivory, and crowned a face as faultless

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as itself. It was not an expressive face: it was too calm and too composed for varied expression: but it indicated a strong will, self-poise and moral courage, emphasized by a mouth which was eloquent without words and musical with every vocal utterance. But her honest, truthful, trustful, deep-blue eyes! They were wonderful eyes. There was "speculation" in them and visible soul behind them. If you thought of Genevieve Cauldwell, it was not of her figure, her queenly bearing, her marked physical beauty in any of its outlines, or in its harmonious completeness as a perfect type: you thought of her great, eloquent, deep-blue eyes, which you looked into—not at. Yes, they were wonderful eyes!—as others, besides Captain Adams, had felt.

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CHAPTER IV.

MIST AND SUNSHINE—LETTER OF MISS WATERBURY TO HER MOTHER—SABBATH MUSINGS—AIR CASTLES.

SUNDAY morning opened with a drizzle—something between a fog and a rain. The city had doffed much of its usual smoky canopy in honor of the day, but it was dark and dripping instead. Seen from the cupola of The Hermitage, even so much as was ordinarily visible had a hazy, distant look, dim and shadowy, on a foggy background. The great dome of the court house looked like a distant mountain of mist, and the statue of Benton in the park pointed to the Pacific in vain—the arm was invisible. On the river the long line of boats looked like the Flying Dutchman's ship multiplied by fifty, and not a soul on board—the fog and the mist were passengers and crew. The great steel bridge appeared, projected in mid-air, to disappear in the murky distance, and the brown, boiling river threw up mire and clay in unceasing ebullition.

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At The Hermitage everything was dripping. Genevieve and her companion raised a window and looked out upon the scene. It was dripping from the eaves above them in tinkling drops upon the metallic roof of the conservatory. It was dripping from the porches and the ivies about their columns; dripping from the fences and the great arched gate-way; from every tree and shrub and flower; from arbor, and vine, and trellis, and from the fowls, which crept beneath the evergreens for shelter, and the drooping pigeons on the dove-cote. It was dripping everywhere.

"Oh, isn't it too bad!" said Jane, turning with a look of vexation to Genevieve.

"The weather? Why, we are not going out."

"No; but——"

"But you think the gentlemen will not come out to dinner? Yes, they will."

"In all this rain?"

"It is not raining, and the road is fine;—it is only mist."

"Who did the doctor say was coming besides Captain Adams?"

"I didn't hear the other's name."

"Ah, Vieve! You can hear but one name."

"No, when no other is mentioned. I remem-

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ber, now, the doctor said Captain Adams and a friend; he did *not* speak his name."

"Well, well; you are right, Vieve—and now I must write to mother."

And this was Miss Waterbury's letter:

THE HERMITAGE,

ST. LOUIS (Mo.) P. O.

MY DEAR MOTHER: Such a strange thing has happened! I scarcely slept all night for thinking of it. Dr. Chartervale owns The Hermitage, and I will write to you about it and him some other time. His wife is Genevieve Cauldwell's cousin, and I came here by invitation of Vieve to spend Sunday. Poor Mrs. Chartervale is deaf and dumb and blind! She can only communicate by telegraph, and keeps a girl to interpret for her. Well, I was introduced to her—Mrs. Chartervale—by telegraph, and she asked for my full name; and when she learned what it was, she *said that was my mother's name, too!* I told her it was. And then she told my father's name, and said she was at your wedding. Oh, isn't it wonderful? I was so surprised and delighted that I behaved strange, and could hardly speak. When I asked if my mother might call and see her, she said she would be delighted to have you come. Oh, dear me! it seems impossible that all our troubles are about to end by the help of this poor deaf and blind lady. She *is* a lady, mother;—and I am sure she knows all about your marriage, and my birth, and my father's death, and my kinsfolk in Ohio. Do have Uncle Langdon send you here to see Mrs. Chartervale, right away. I can hardly

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wait. It will be vacation at Monticello about the time you would get here, and I might go home with you. Please ask Uncle Langdon about it, and have him come with you if possible. The Hermitage is like a palace, and the good Dr. Chartervale will give you a warm welcome as long as you choose to stay.

Remember! Mrs. Chartervale was *at your wedding*, and she knows all about it. Take a carriage at the wharf, and tell the driver to take you to The Hermitage. The drivers all know where it is.

Your loving daughter,

JANE L. WATERBURY.

By the time breakfast was over the mist had blown away, the sun shone out, and the ruddy beams were kissing the shining drops from leaves and flowers with promise of a pleasant day. From the city in the distance—over Benton Park and over Shaw's Garden—that wonderful garden—through the calm June atmosphere the Sabbath bells were heard at The Hermitage. An unwonted silence prevailed, measured and emphasized by the song of birds near by and the far-off bass of an occasional steamer's signal, mellowed by distance into music. Genevieve and her companion sat upon a balcony, musing in silence, in full sympathy with the scenes about them, each busy with her own thoughts—not uttering and not meaning ever to speak them to each other.

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"How strange," thought Jane, "how passing strange! that I should find in this queenly-looking lady—deaf, dumb and blind though she be—the one witness in all the world who can wipe away the shame which has so long overshadowed my mother and myself. From my very birth my name has been tainted. For my good uncle's sake talkers have kept silent and have permitted me to wear my father's name; but too long and too often have I borne their looks of taunt and words of inuendo. Thank God! it is almost ended. And my mother, scorned by my Yankee uncle in Ohio, and pitied by her kindred at home—that, too, will be ended. Oh, I can hardly believe it is real. My father's estate will be mine, though I count that as nothing—meaner than nothing—beside the proud privilege of wearing his name in the face of all the world!"

While these thoughts were filling the mind of Jane, Genevieve was building castles in the air and overturning them with her own hands!

"How I wish he had never been a Federal soldier! My brother will not be silent—no, never! He hates them all with an utter hatred. But he has never seen *him*, or he might—— And yet I once hated them myself. They burned

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my father's house and drove my panic-stricken mother, with me as a babe in her arms, to the shelter of the earth and sky. They had nearly roasted my wounded brother alive, and they burned his servant to death. But those men were cotton thieves; *he* was not there. He is too noble for rapine or pillage. Strange that he should have looked so lovingly upon *me!* And stranger still that my proud heart should care for it. But, then, my brother — he would never, *never* consent that——"

"What are you dreaming about, Vieve?" here exclaims Jane, whose musings have suddenly ended. "Your face looks dreamy as a sleep-walker's."

"Look in a glass, Jane, and behold your own," replied Genevieve; "I declare I never saw you look so happy before!"

And neither makes further reply. But their eyes are bent upon two gentlemen on horseback who are coming down the road and up the slope to the gate before the stables. The gentlemen ride in as if familiar with the place, and the young ladies go inside, the one saying, "I told you they would come," and the other, "You need not tell me which is he: *I know.*"

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CHAPTER V.

BATTERIES OF WAR, OF GALVANISM, AND OF LOVE—UNION AND CONFEDERATE—HOW GENEVIEVE CAME TO REJECT THE CAPTAIN'S OFFER.

DR. CHARTERVALE received his guests with his usual cordial welcome, and seated them in the library, looking out upon shrubs and flowers that appeared to almost laugh in the June sunshine after their dripping morning. Captain Adams had introduced his friend as Major Dabny, formerly of the Confederate army.

"Your name has shrunken much in becoming Anglicized, Major," said the doctor. "Before your Virginia ancestors pronounced it Dabny your English ones called it Daubeny, and your Swiss ones D'Aubigne."

"Indeed!" replied the major, with a laugh. "My ancestors were Virginians; but I was not aware that they and their name descended from the land of the hero Tell. And the Swiss government is confederate; I like that."

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"And how does it happen that I owe the pleasure of your presence and acquaintance to so ardent a Union soldier as Captain Adams?"

"Oh, that's easily explained. He assured me you did not know the difference between a Federal and a Confederate soldier, and esteemed both of them."

"Certainly," replied the doctor; "they are both equally my fellow-countrymen, and both believed they were right. Why should there be any difference in my esteem for them?"

Cigars were passed, and captain and major each took a light; but the doctor, who would rather talk than smoke, continued:

"You see, this matter of war, terrible as it is, is, after all, only the last argument when men differ on great vital questions beyond the possibility of peaceful settlement. When two so differ it is a fight; when many differ with the great mass it is insurrection; and when the contest is between a multitude and the organized government it is rebellion—if it fails, or revolution—when it succeeds."

"Then you think, Doctor, that we Confederates were rebels?" asked the major, with an assenting smile.

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"Certainly; you failed, and so did not rise above rebellion."

"But you admit that we believed in the righteousness of our cause?"

"Certainly, again. But it was a question of power, not of right."

And here Captain Adams put in:

"But you were a surgeon in the Union army, Doctor; of course you believed it was fighting for the right."

"I so believed, of course. But I know that the great body of Confederates believed the same thing as to their side of the argument. I had no enmity. I was connected with a great national issue which could be decided in no way but by war. Now it is decided forever; and I say, with General Grant, 'Let us have peace!"

Major Dabny laughed outright. This way of looking at the most terrible war of all history was new to him. After a half dozen short, quick puffs at his cigar, he asked:

"But, Doctor, if that bloody struggle decided nothing, how are we ever to know which side was right, after all?"

"If you refer to absolute right," replied the doctor, "we never can know, though each may

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be satisfied for himself. But the struggle did decide something; it decided which side was the strongest in such a manner as to end all strife on those issues, and make war about them hereafter forever impossible."

"It was a fearful price, Doctor, for such a settlement as that; *you* know how fearful, as you were a Union surgeon."

"I beg your pardon, Major. It was only fearful because the agony and death which should have covered a generation were crushed into four bloody years. More than half who died in battle only hastened their departure a few brief years at most. There is equal agony—if less bloodshed—around the beds of the millions who die amid the wailing of surrounding friends; and most of them die to no purpose. War aggregates death, but it works out great purposes in social evolution which can come from no other agency."

"I am not quite ready to agree with your view, Doctor," said Captain Adams. "There is a right and a wrong side to all questions. Do you suppose it could have been possible for you or me to have gone to war to maintain the slave system?"

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"Yes; a man of your temper would go to war for conscience' sake on either side of any great question. *Which* side would depend on your associations, your training, your education, and all those environments which give color to the opinions of all men. Had you been born in Charleston, you would have been a Carolinian; had you been a Carolinian, you would have been subject to all the influences upon thought, character and mental training which drove South Carolina into rebellion. Only a man in a million can rise above his environments."

"Well, Doctor, on the question of slavery I think I should have been that man of a million."

"Very possibly. But in South Carolina you would have been a States Rights Democrat, ready to fight for your principles to the bitter end. Have another cigar; no? Then, let us adjourn to the parlor, where there are some young ladies, good Confederates, and ready to justify the rebellion."

Captain Adams was received by Genevieve with kindly recognition, and with a composure which gave not the slightest indication of her real feelings. To Major Dabny she said:

"Your military title, Major, gives the lie to at

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least one charge which I hear so often made—in half jest: that there was no officer below the grade of colonel in the Confederate army."

"Yes," responded the major, "there was *one* major, and I am he."

Miss Waterbury had intended to watch very closely the expression on Genevieve's face on coming into the presence of Captain Adams. She forgot it, and her own face betrayed almost confusion, so that the major looked curiously from her to the captain, and then again at Miss Jane, wondering what caused it.

"You reside in Mississippi, I believe, Miss Waterbury?" he said.

"Yes, sir," she replied, in a half-stammering way; "but I was never compelled to fly from Yankee fire and sword, like Miss Cauldwell."

The major wondered why she pressed the war experiences of Genevieve upon him; but, turning to Miss Cauldwell, he asked:

"And were you really a victim of the horrors of war? You must have been a very young one, indeed."

"I was a babe in my mother's arms at Prentiss on that memorable September night in 1862."

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"Oh, yes; the Federals found it necessary to burn the town, I remember."

"And do *you* say that? How could it be anything but wanton devastation?"

"My dear," interposed Dr. Chartervale, "the Union army did not make war upon non-combatants; they sought only to subdue, not to destroy. I have forgotten just why Prentiss was burned, but there must have been some strategical reason for it."

"Perhaps there was; but did that demand that they should burn the house over the head of my wounded brother—unable to escape? or that they should roast to death poor Charley in the jail."

"Pardon me, Miss Genevieve," here interposed Captain Adams, with great deference; "but this was the justification: Prentiss was the hiding-place of guerrilla bands, from whence they fired upon our passing boats, and when we landed to suppress them they ran away. When we could bear this no longer, and when four of our men had been shot down from the shore, after warning the inhabitants that this must cease or their town be burned, we destroyed it in self-defense. We landed, gave the residents of the town two hours in which to move, and, not knowing there

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were any unable to leave, we fired the town. As to your brother's servant, Charley did not perish. He is now in my employ, and may be seen any day at St. Louis."

"And I beg *your* pardon," retorted Genevieve, her eyes flashing fire. You say *we;* can it be possible, Captain Adams, that even you had a hand in that cowardly act?"

"That is what is called the *argumentum ad hominem,* I believe," replied the captain, with a smile; "of course I can not answer it," (though he looked nowise disconcerted).

Genevieve colored very slightly, smiled, and said:

"I think we burned a Pennsylvania town or two for you, Captain Adams, and got even."

"Thank you! I had forgotten that. How much easier it is to offset one wrong with another than to justify either."

"But our folks assert, Captain," said Major Dabny, "that your side was only making cotton-stealing expeditions down the river, and that when you burned the town your boat was at that very time loaded with stolen cotton. How was that?"

"Cotton was contraband of war, and lawful

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prey," interposed Dr. Chartervale. "With the Confederates it was as much a means of warfare as gunpowder; for they bought arms and ammunition with it."

"Yes," replied the captain; "and though there was some cotton stealing on private account, it was punished when proven. The very officer who commanded the boat which you say was engaged in cotton stealing was compelled to resign, it is alleged, to avoid a trial on a charge of that kind."

All this time Miss Waterbury kept silent. Her usual vivacity appeared to have abandoned her, and she looked at Captain Adams with a rapt attention, as if she had forgotten herself. In fact, she was thinking of what she had said of his father to Genevieve,—that he was a grand old man; and she was envious of what she considered Genevieve's good fortune in having favorably impressed this admirable Union soldier. Major Dabny, seeing her abstraction, and disposed to drop discussion of the war, said to her:

"We have had war enough, haven't we, Miss Waterbury? Let us wander through this palace 'hermitage' until the grass dries so that we may go out." He went with her—at the doctor's

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suggestion—to the cupola, to get a distant view. But Captain Adams took Genevieve to the laboratory, to show her, as he said, a very interesting experiment. Ten days before he had told Dr. Chartervale that he had some small rare French engravings, illustrating some difficult problems in engineering, of which he desired to multiply printed copies; and the doctor had suggested the copying of them by the electrotype process, and instructed him how to proceed. He had then gone down into the laboratory, and having no other engraving at hand, had taken a half dollar note of fractional currency from his pocket, gummed it onto a bit of glass, dusted the face of the note with plumbago, and put it into the battery to deposit copper upon its face. This he now took from the battery in Genevieve's presence, and showed her a perfect copy in copper of the half-dollar. Genevieve was studying chemistry at Monticello, and was highly interested in the result of this beautiful experiment. She examined it carefully, and said:

"Very beautiful, and very perfect! But one corner appears to be gone."

"Yes, I cut off a corner of the note to prevent accident. If it should now ever fall into

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dishonest hands it could not be used for counterfeiting."

"Indeed! Why, would that be possible?"

"The doctor says that before the Treasury Department began to flatten the engraved lines by passing the notes between heavy rollers, perfect counterfeits were made in this way, needing only to be touched up by an expert engraver to be perfect *fac similes* of the original engraving."

While Genevieve expressed her surprise the captain washed off his little plate and deposited it in his pocket.

Then they walked along the laboratory, the captain explaining to Genevieve everything in which she felt or appeared to feel an interest. By and by, short silences grew into longer ones. Genevieve had taken a seat, and, with dreamy eyes, was looking at—instead of through—a microscope. After a silence longer than usual, Captain Adams stooped over her, took her hand, which she did not withdraw, and, in a low, tremulous tone, said:

"Miss Genevieve, don't you know that I love you?"

Genevieve turned up her face, and, looking squarely into his eyes, exclaimed:

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"Why, Captain Adams!" And then she drew back her hand. But the captain continued:

"You did not expect it; you are surprised; *so am I.* It came upon me like an inevitable fate; you have become my world, my life, my soul! I beg of you—I implore of you—permit me to love you!"

And then he hesitated, as if expecting some word of response. She was silent, and her face pale and fixed as a statue.

"Surely you will not scorn such love as I bring you—you could not—you can not?" he continued.

Still she was silent, and was becoming very pale. A hesitating tear stood in her wide-open eyes. Then she turned her head away. Once more the captain spoke:

"I offer you the devoted heart and the faithful hand of one who has never loved before and can never love another. Oh! speak to me, Genevieve!"

She rose from her chair and stood before him white as death, and said, in distinct but tremulous words:

"I *thank* you, Captain Adams; but—*it can never be!*" And, without heeding his imploring protest, she walked out into another room and up into the hall. At the foot of the stairs she was

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met by Miss Waterbury, who, with a furtive, half-scared look, demanded:

"Genevieve Cauldwell! where have you been?"

"Come up stairs, Jane; I want to see you," was the reply, and both went up without another word. In her own room, after closing and locking the door, Genevieve said:

"It is all over!"

"What is all over?"

"I have refused him."

Genevieve said this, looking straight before her, and not permitting her eyes to meet Jane's. Hearing no response she at length turned her face to Miss Waterbury and saw that she was trembling! Then she said:

"What's the matter, Jane Waterbury? I tell you he offered me his hand and *I refused him.*"

"I don't believe it!"

"What do you mean?"

"You *couldn't* refuse him," replied Jane, looking into her companion's eyes as if she would read her very soul. Genevieve sank into a chair; and, with a sudden revulsion, Jane threw her arms about her, exclaiming:

"You brave, good girl! You did right—you did right—you did right!"

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Directly, Genevieve rose, cast out all expression from her marble face, mastered her voice with strong will, and said:

"Come; dinner will soon be called, and we must be ready."

"How dare you meet him, Genevieve?"

"I dare anything which is right; let us have no more of this."

And both made ready for dinner in silence.

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CHAPTER VI.

A Sunday Dinner at The Hermitage, with a Spice of War—Grant at Vicksburg—The Return to Monticello—A Significant Telegram.

When the young ladies came down to dinner Genevieve had gotten the mastery of herself completely. Not a trace of the agitation through which she had so recently passed was to be seen. But Jane Waterbury was strangely vivacious and moody by turns. She was seated by Captain Adams, and fitfully demanded his attention by lively sallies, or silently seemed to forget his presence. The captain, for his part, rude as had been the shock to his most cherished hopes, was made of sterner stuff than to betray his feelings in his face. And these three were each conscious of the deep constraint which sat upon the others; while the good Dr. Chartervale and his wise little sister and the blunt Major Dabny had no suspicion that every heart was not as calm as theirs. Perhaps Captain Adams was

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an exception to this statement; did he, indeed, suspect that in one heart there was watchful jealousy where he did not even have a suspicion of love? No. He only supposed that Genevieve had told her companion of what had occurred, and that Miss Jane's face betrayed only sympathy with Genevieve. For himself, he did not doubt for a moment that he had won the heart of Genevieve, and he resolved to bide his time with what patience he might until he could know and overcome the cause of her refusal.

While the dinner was progressing pleasantly, Miss Chartervale remarked that there was a preponderance of "rebels" at the table, and said, in her peculiar way:

"I have half a mind to abandon my neutrality and to enlist on the Union side, to make parties more nearly equal," casting a pleasant glance at Captain Adams.

"Thank you, Miss Annie," said the captain; "I am looking for recruits."

Miss Waterbury thought there was significance in this reply, but said nothing, and Major Dabny then said:

"If we had had recruits enough to make our armies equal, our rebellion would have reached

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the dignity of a revolution." Then, turning to Captain Adams, he added:

"Excuse me, Captain; I mean if our army had preponderated in numbers, as yours did."

"I am not quite sure about that even," here interposed Dr. Chartervale. "There was an inherent weakness in your social organization which must have rendered permanent success impossible with you, I think, Major."

"Do you mean that a social system which includes slavery is inherently wrong, Doctor?"

"I mean that it is inherently weak, and contains the seeds of its own destruction."

"But why should the North have gone to war to abolish slavery, if we alone were the sufferers from it?"

"My dear Major, there is where all your people were mistaken. The North did not go to war to abolish slavery; and it required four years' fighting to bring the great majority of the Northern people up to the final resolve to overthrow slavery, lest slavery overthrow them."

"Where, then, was the hidden spring which finally precipitated the war?"

"In those words of Jesus, so aptly quoted by Mr. Lincoln at Springfield: 'A house divided

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against itself can not stand'; this country could not remain half slave and half free, but must become—*must* become—all free or all slave. The two social systems were incompatible, and could not permanently exist together peacefully."

"I guess that's so, Doctor," admitted the major; "and yet the system of slavery develops a warlike spirit in the dominant race. We fought at least as gallantly as the people of the North; we were poorly fed, poorly clothed, poorly armed —as a whole; poorly supplied with all the material of war; we had not even necessary medicines, except as some money-loving traitors in your lines smuggled them into ours; our ports were blockaded, our railroads run down, without the means of repair; we were bankrupt in everything but resolution and courage; and when at last we yielded to superior force, there was nothing left but free niggers and ruined masters."

"Oh, yes," replied the doctor, with a benignant smile, "you had everything left that we had—the happiest country and the freest government on earth! Our country is your country, and all that we gained by the final victory we gladly share with you."

"For all of which," said the major, with mock

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solemnity, "make us duly thankful. By the way," continued he, addressing Captain Adams, "do you know that, outside of mere fighting qualities, I do not think so much of your great general—Grant? You were in the Vicksburg campaign, I believe?"

"I was in the Vicksburg campaign; yes. What was the matter with Grant?"

"Nothing; only he did at the end of three months what he might as well have done in three weeks."

"You mean in flanking Vicksburg below?"

"Certainly."

"Do you know what herculean efforts it required to get that army across the bend on the Louisiana side?—and in front of Grand Gulf?"

"I know all about it."

"Well, if you do, it is more than the people of the North know. No history of that movement, which I have seen, gives one-hundredth part of the difficulties overcome in that movement."

"But I know all about them. I was in Grant's army as a spy a few days before he began that movement. I passed down over the flooded region, over the levee tops along the narrow way, just out of water, across the Tensas Bayou, which

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was a raging flood, and over all the nearly impassable country to Grand Gulf; and I reported the route impossible to a regiment, much more to a great army. It never entered the minds of our leaders to suspect that Grant might move his army by that route."

"But he did do it, you know!"

"Yes; but that is not the point. He could have done it easier when the water was lower; or he could have marched away from the Mississippi to the westward, and then turned east for Grand Gulf, with hardly anything but the Tensas in his way before reaching Hard Times."

"But when his army did get there you were somewhat surprised, I think."

"We were awfully surprised!"

"And that was why Grant took the route he did. His movement was concealed; he surprised you, and—you know what followed."

Dinner and the discussion of the Vicksburg campaign ended together.

Then the whole company went to the library, where there was a grand piano. Captain Adams led Miss Waterbury to the instrument and begged her to play for him "Dixie," with variations, the music of which he found upon the rack.

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"Not Dixie, surely!" said Miss Jane; "that is rebel music, and belongs to us of the South."

"Not at all, Miss Jane. I agree with Mr. Lincoln, that when your armies surrendered, Dixie became ours; let it be a national air henceforth."

Miss Jane played the piece with a spirit possible only to a native Southerner. Genevieve listened with astonishment. She thought her strangely exhilarated, and she expressed her surprise.

"Why, Jane Waterbury! I never before heard you play so well."

"Very good, very good, indeed!" exclaimed Major Dabny. "And now that you have given them our Dixie, let Miss Genevieve give us their 'Star Spangled Banner.'"

"No, sir!" replied Jane, with flashing eyes; "The Star Spangled Banner was always ours."

"Let us all come back, then, under its blessed shadow," said Genevieve, as she sat down upon the music stool just vacated by Miss Waterbury and struck the resounding keys, accompanying herself as she sang the grand anthem. As she sang it then, in a voice strong, clear, full of grand patriotism amounting almost to veneration, it was well worthy that calm June Sabbath day.

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Did she mean it as a peace-offering to Captain Adams?

"I thank you," said the captain. "To me that song breathes the purest patriotism."

"Possibly it does," remarked Dr. Chartervale; "but, after all, patriotism is only a qualified virtue, with selfishness as its basis. And it has its degrees, just as the love of our fellow-man has. With some of us patriotism includes only the State where we happened to be born; others include a section—the North or the South. Mr. Lincoln, if I understood him, included equally every foot of soil which is covered by the Federal Constitution. But Jesus of Nazareth had no patriotism; his kingdom was the world."

"But you do not decry patriotism, Doctor, as no virtue?" inquired Captain Adams.

"Not at all. While societies are organized to secure conflicting interests, patriotism will be praiseworthy; but when nations shall go to war no more, patriotism will be swallowed up in a broader virtue, which will include all nations."

"Let us get out into the grounds, Doctor, while the sun is obscured," remarked Major Dabny. "Come, Miss Chartervale, you are queen here; show us your dominions." And he took

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Miss Annie upon his arm, while Captain Adams followed with Genevieve and Jane, and the doctor acted as guide-book for all.

But nobody appeared to enjoy that stroll through labyrinths of vines and flowers and along inviting alleys of sylvan shade, except Major Dabny and Annie. Captain Adams was disposed to look away toward the city in the dim distance, as if he had lost or forgotten something there. And Genevieve and Miss Waterbury each appeared to be holding silent communion with her own heart. But Annie and Major Dabny were as happy as birds as they successively hovered over plant or flower, or crossed from sunny bank to shady nook, and Annie cheerily told their various beauties and recounted her brother's skill in building this paradise over the old slaughter-house grounds. The major was enchanted—not with the grounds so much as with the cheery maiden who was happy in their midst and made everybody about her happy also. And he resolved that this should not be his last visit to The Hermitage.

At six o'clock the gentlemen left for the city, with many expressions of gratification, and the young ladies were left each to her special reflections.

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Genevieve had learned a lesson she was never afterward permitted to forget. She had at first been happy in the deep emotions awakened in her heart at her first meeting with Captain Adams, and she had welcomed the feeling with an indescribable pleasure, little suspecting how reciprocal was the love between them. But she believed that the holy sentiment of love was under the control of the will, and would down at its bidding. She knew that a marriage between herself and Captain Adams was impossible without the rupture forever of all those endearing relations which bound her to a brother as dear to her as life, and whose hatred of all Federal soldiers was utter and implacable. But now that Captain Adams had so unexpectedly declared his love and offered her his hand, the supreme power of the will was found wanting. She was surprised and startled. Her will was able to pronounce their union impossible, but utterly powerless to banish her love. And now she found herself only able by that strong will to bear the toils she could not break. Worse than all, she had become conscious that her bosom companion, in whom she had been accustomed to confide, was herself infatuated with a strange love

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for the man of all the world whom she herself would have chosen!

But now Jane Waterbury, wayward and fitful in her feelings as she had ever been, developed an unexpected pride and power of will. After the first exhibition of newly-awakened love, she had resolutely shut up her heart against all outward expression, and sternly resolved that henceforth no look or word or act of hers should ever give indication of the fire which burned within.

When the young ladies returned to Monticello, next day, all was bustle and preparation for the exercises of commencement week. The name of Captain Adams was as completely ignored between them as if he had never crossed the pathway of either.

On Thursday a telegram came to Miss Waterbury from her uncle in Mississippi, as follows:

Ascertain Mrs. Chartervale's maiden name, and answer at once by telegraph.

"Oh, Genevieve," said Jane, "read this, and tell me your cousin's name—her maiden name. I forgot to inquire. My mother is surely coming up."

The message-boy was still in waiting, and the reply went off immediately:

Mrs. Chartervale was Miss Fanny Gwynn.

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Commencement week was soon over, and the young ladies returned to St. Louis—Genevieve to remain at The Hermitage until the next term, and Miss Waterbury to await the expected arrival of her mother.

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CHAPTER VII.

THE MISSING WITNESS OF MRS. WATERBURY'S MARRIAGE—THE STRIKE OF 1877—CONFEDERATES AND UNIONISTS SHOULDER TO SHOULDER—A ROOM IN THE PLANTERS HOUSE, AND WHAT WAS FOUND THERE.

A WEEK later, when Mrs. Waterbury arrived from Mississippi, she was accompanied by her brother, Hon. Alexander Langdon, a lawyer of some note, who had represented his district at one time in the Confederate Congress. This gentleman had taken his cast-off sister to his home, and had furnished an asylum for herself and her daughter Jane, from the latter's infancy until the present time.

These people were received with great cordiality by Dr. Chartervale; and while Mrs. Waterbury was enjoying the reunion with her daughter and hearing the sad story of her long-lost friend, Fanny Gwynn (now Mrs. Chartervale), from the lips of Annie, Mr. Langdon was recounting to the doctor the story of Mrs. Waterbury's misfortunes.

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In 1860, early in the year, Mrs. Waterbury—then Miss Jane Langdon—had started with a brother for a year's tour in Europe and the East. She had crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel with Miss Gwynn and with a Mr. John C. Waterbury, of Nonabel, Ohio. A very warm intimacy sprung up between the parties on the voyage; and so warm an affection between Mr. Waterbury and Miss Langdon that she accepted the offer of his hand, and on the arrival of the party in Paris they were married at the American Minister's—Hon. John Y. Mason—in his presence, with Fanny Gwynn and the bride's brother as witnesses.

That unfortunate marriage had been duly certified by the secretary of legation, but what became of that certificate was unknown to this day.

After this wedding, while all were happy, it was agreed that the whole party should make the tour of Europe and the Orient, including Jerusalem and the Holy Land, together. The party was gone over a year. On their return a daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury at Paris—the present Jane Waterbury.

So soon as it was safe for Mrs. Waterbury to

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travel, the whole party again crossed the ocean together, anxious to be home before the already beginning warfare should interfere with their movements.

On reaching New York and seeing the daily papers the men were fired with martial ardor—but upon opposing sides. Mr. Waterbury insisted on going first to Washington, while his wife and child were to keep on to his home in Ohio, where he promised to follow immediately. Mrs. Waterbury's brother, however, demurred to this arrangement; and no sooner was Mr. Waterbury gone than Mr. Langdon found means of passing, with his sister and her child, into Richmond, sent them to his home in Mississippi, and himself joined the Southern army, and was afterward killed at the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

But Mr. Waterbury, on reaching Washington, had caught the patriotic ardor which filled the whole North; had joined the forces at Bull Run on that fatal 21st of July, and was there also killed.

Mrs. Waterbury and child remained throughout the war—and until the present—with the elder brother in Mississippi, and only became certain of her husband's death at the close of the war.

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Then she had gone to Nonabel, called upon her dead husband's brother, Henry Waterbury, and announced herself as the widow of John C. Waterbury.

"And where are your proofs of this strange claim, madame?" coolly inquired the brother-in-law—now in full possession and enjoyment of his dead brother's property.

"Proofs!" exclaimed the mother, as she looked down at the little girl whom she held by the hand —this is his child, sir!"

"Possibly," was the reply; "but where is the proof of your marriage?"

She had not a particle of proof, and she could only tell her sad story and be sent away for her pains. The man denied all knowledge of his brother's marriage, intimated that the whole statement was "a rebel scheme to fleece him and palm off some illegitimate child upon his brother's estate."

When the heart-broken mother returned to Mississippi, her brother instituted proceedings in the United States Circuit Court at Cincinnati for the establishment of her rights. But the certificate of marriage was nowhere to be found; no clue could be obtained to the whereabouts of Miss

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Fanny Gwynn, the only living witness (if, indeed, she was yet living); Mr. Mason, the American Minister at Paris, had been succeeded by Charles J. Faulkner, who had been brought home and put under arrest for aiding the rebellion; and, either by his agency or otherwise, the records of the legation had been lost or destroyed, and no record or the least memorandum of the marriage of John C. Waterbury and Jane Langdon was to be found.

The suit was abandoned, of course; and from that day to the present Mrs. Waterbury and her daughter had been deprived of their rights of property, had their good name branded with suspicion, and had lived dependent on the generosity of the good uncle now present at The Hermitage.

"And, possibly," said Mr. Langdon to the good doctor, "you do not know how bitter a rebel I was, or my welcome might not be so cordial?"

"You were born in Mississippi, I think?" inquired the doctor, with a kindly twinkle in his eye.

"Yes, suh!"

"Then you are my fellow-citizen by the amended Constitution—whether you will or not. That amendment declares that 'All persons born or

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naturalized in the United States and owing them allegiance are citizens thereof and of the several States respectively in which they reside.'"

Mr. Langdon took the doctor's hand gratefully, and they were friends from that moment.

Before presenting these people to Mrs. Chartervale, the doctor decided to communicate with her himself, and inform her of their presence and of their mission. He went to her room, sat by his wife, took the pencil, and briefly told her of the events which had been recited to him by Mr. Langdon. She was much excited and deeply affected. She declared, as she rattled the Morse key, that she remembered all about it, so far as her own participation in the events was concerned —times, places, days and dates. And then she begged that Mrs. Waterbury should be presented to her at once.

The meeting between the two ladies was a sad and a glad one. Mrs. Waterbury recognized her long-lost friend instantly, and flew into her arms; and then, for an hour, question and answer passed and repassed between them by the key and pencil, aided by Miss Tyndal and the doctor.

Mr. Langdon, who was present and heard this conversation as interpreted by Miss Tyndal, de-

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cided to at once commence proceedings in the United States Court at Cincinnati for the restoration of his sister to the rights of which she had been so long deprived. For the purpose of preparing interrogatories for the deposition of Mrs. Chartervale, he made careful memoranda of all the facts he had learned from her; and the next day prepared the proper interrogatories and a *præcipe* to begin the suit, and sent them with full instructions to a legal friend at Cincinnati.

But there were now stirring events outside the quiet precincts of The Hermitage.

The whole internal commerce of the Nation has been arrested. The railroads—the great iron arteries which go everywhere and come from everywhere—have ceased to throb; they are in the hands of their operators, who demand to set the price upon their labor, and throttle all transportation to compel submission. Millions of dollars are laid in ashes at Pittsburgh. Five millions more await the torch, at the command of law-defying men, at East St. Louis. Near a score of railroads there converge to the great steel bridge, and all are in the hands of the strikers. All trains are permitted to come in, but none are

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allowed to go out. The vast depots are full of freight, which must stand still—it can not be moved. The tracks are crowded with trains freighted with commodities of great value, but not a locomotive can leave, for no operative dare man one; and they who will not themselves labor, permit no others to do so.

The mayor of the city—demagogue or coward—raises no hand to enforce order; declaring that the torch and the burning of millions will be the answer of the mob to any attempt at coercion. There is no violence, except when some bold engineer, bribed at a great price by the railroad companies, attempts to move a train; then he is laid low by some striker's bludgeon. The mob is badly armed, but five thousand determined men are not easily subdued. They proclaim their intentions peaceful, but vow never to submit until they have carried their point. Any attempt to coerce them will be instantly followed by direst vengeance from the ever-ready fire.

Some of these railroads are in the hands of a receiver and under the protection of the United States Court. The marshal of that court, seeing that all the roads which converge at the great bridge are so interlaced that interference with one

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is interference with all, resolves that his duty requires the protection of all. General Pope, of the United States army, is called to his assistance, with a few companies of regular soldiers, as a *posse* to aid the marshal. At daybreak the soldiers cross the river in two divisions, one above and one below the bridge. With loaded arms, and men who shoot when ordered to without questioning, they quietly march—each division led by a deputy United States marshal—and surprise the mob. "State troops" the rioters had not yet learned to fear. They believe the Illinois National Guard—like most militia—would refuse to fire. But they know the "Regulars" better, and they sullenly retire. The danger from the torch is over.

At midnight the governor of the great State of Illinois steals down the railroad in a special car, crosses above the city, and goes to St. Louis to learn how his new soldiers behave at the east end of the bridge. They are doing him and themselves great credit, and he is satisfied. A number of companies have come in, and with the United States troops are guarding the imperiled millions; and they will fire when ordered.

The vicinity of the bridge is a picketed camp.

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A Pullman car is military headquarters. Sunday morning, while a bold, bad leader is addressing his co-conspirators, marching companies of the National Guard file to the right and left, swoop round and arrest a hundred so quickly that the orator stops in the middle of a word. Thirty of those so suddenly captured—the leaders and chief mischief makers—are sent by the marshal to Springfield and to prison. That night, at one o'clock, a squad of six soldiers of the National Guard, led by a deputy marshal, walk silently half a mile up the bank of Bloody Island, capture one of the mob's chief leaders in his bed and march him back to camp, whence he also goes to Springfield and to prison.

The insurrection is dying. The sullen operatives are subdued, and know it.

A train on the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad has found an engineer and fireman; and with soldiers on all parts of the train—on the locomotive and on the pilot in front, with loaded rifles and bristling bayonets pointed to the front, moves out. A single desperado attempts violent interference. He is felled with clubbed muskets, and is sent away in arrest; and *the first train out* blows its glad whistle and steams away to the

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eastward. Then another train—and another, and another, and another go out. The Regulars at the bridge, at the O. & M. depot, and at the shops of the St. Louis & Southeastern roads, retire; the Illinois National Guards return to their homes, having saved millions from destruction; the embargo upon commerce is raised by citizen-soldiery; the law is vindicated.

At the suggestion of Dr. Chartervale, he and Mr. Langdon go into the city to witness the effect of the great strike on the western side of the Mississippi.

The iron works at Carondelet are making common cause with the railroad men. Other workmen threaten to do the same. Communists—so called—and various lawless organizations are joining the insurrection. The people are everywhere in fear of the torch, and the city and all the railroad depots and shops are full of idle, and, hence, dangerous men. St. Louis has become a camp of military instruction, and hundreds of men are drilling and practicing military movements and the use of arms. At the hotels, at the court-house, at the public halls, and at every convenient place, young men are marching in squads and in companies, drilled by trained teach-

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ers who have seen service—some in the Federal and some in the Confederate army. All meet now as brethren in a common cause, and Unionists and former disunionists meet on a level. And this fact being pointed out by Dr. Chartervale, Mr. Langdon expresses his surprise.

"That man leading the well-trained band of volunteer soldiers," said the doctor, "was a rebel captain. The men he is teaching were chiefly Unionists. And that other drill-master at the court-house was a Union colonel, and his men were nearly all rebels who were old enough, and the younger men are sons of rebels.

Mr. Langdon was surprised. He had not before seen this mingling of "loyal" and "rebel" in the same cause.

At the Union Depot, at the tunnel, and at the west end of the great bridge, were bodies of the same mixed character.

"On the Fourth of July, three years ago," said the doctor, "the East and the West were married across the great Mississippi by the opening of the iron bridge; and men of the North and men of the South now join hand in hand to see to it that no man shall put them asunder."

The subjection of the rioters on the east side of

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the river was followed by submission on the west, and the great railroad strike was ended.

When Dr. Chartervale and Mr. Langdon returned to The Hermitage, they learned that the long-lost marriage certificate had been found! Mrs. Chartervale had remembered that it had been in her possession—just how or why she did not know,—and she had instructed Annie to overhaul her private papers in a certain secretary drawer, and there it was found.

When the new-found certificate was placed in the hands of Mr. Langdon, and he had carefully read it over, he was so elated that he held it open in his hand while he walked the floor, exclaiming: "Well, well! well, well! This ends all controversy."

Mr. Langdon now added an interrogatory to the questions to be propounded to Mrs. Chartervale touching this certificate, and asked that this be attached to and made a part of her answer. And then he sent the papers off to Ohio by the first mail since the beginning of the great strike.

It would be nearly three weeks before the time set for taking Mrs. Chartervale's deposition—too long for Mr. Langdon and his sister to remain. So he went into the city, hunted up a local attor-

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ney whom he knew, and engaged him to be present at the taking of the deposition; and on the next day left the hospitable doctor and his interesting family for Mississippi. But at the urgent invitation of the good doctor and his wife, seconded by Genevieve Cauldwell, Miss Jane remained at The Hermitage until the beginning of the new term at Monticello.

On that very day an event occurred in the city at the Planters House of great moment to Captain Adams. While that gentleman was out superintending the final separation of a company of young men whom he had been instructing in military drill during the great strike, a man called upon the hotel clerk, showed him a warrant of search, describing room 199½, occupied by Captain Seth Adams, as the premises to be searched. The man was of stalwart frame, very ruddy complexion (though he drank only water), with a keen, suspicious eye, and a huge jaw, armed with extraordinary teeth. Ordinarily this man spoke in a loud, brawling manner, remarkable in an expert detective, as he was; but he now addressed the clerk almost in a whisper: "I want to see you upstairs."

The hotel clerk knew the man as Captain

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Tyndal, of the United States secret service, and he followed the captain upstairs without a word.

In the upper hall the detective said: "Read that" (showing the warrant), "and get me the pass-key to 199½."

The clerk went for the key, and when he had unlocked the door, both entered, and the detective locked the door on the inside.

"Keep your eyes open and your mouth shut," now said Captain Tyndal, well knowing that the clerk would not forget the admonition.

The detective went to a table in one corner of the room, lifted a newspaper, and under it found an electrotype copper plate of a half-dollar United States fractional currency note. He smiled and said: "Just as I expected."

"Why!" exclaimed the clerk, "you do not suspect Captain Adams of counterfeiting?"

"It is my business to find the proofs," replied Tyndal. "The old rule was to presume all men innocent until proven guilty; *my* rule is to presume no man innocent against *prima facie* proof."

Then the officer took from his pocketbook a sheet of tin-foil, laid it upon the plate, and by pressing it with the cushion of his fat palm took

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a good impression of the plate upon the foil, which he then carefully laid away in the leaves of his pocketbook. Then he made a written description of the plate and some other items in his book, and wrote a "return" on the writ. After this, both men retired, leaving the electrotype plate just as it had been found; while the detective repeated the admonition he had before given: "You know me; keep your eyes open and your mouth shut."

Shortly after the detective had gone out, Captain Adams came in, took his key from the rack at the clerk's desk, and went up to his room unsuspicious of lurking danger. The clerk gazed after him in incredulous surprise. He had known Adams ever since the building of the great bridge. Nothing could shake his faith in the captain's honesty. He had seen the plate—which only needed a few touches of the engraver's skill to make a most dangerous counterfeiting implement—found in the captain's room. He knew that Tyndal was an expert detective and seldom blundered. But he was not quite ready to admit the dangerous doctrine that all men are to be suspected until proven innocent. But he was too wise a clerk to risk informing Captain Adams of

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what had occurred, lest his own arrest as a confederate should follow. And so he kept silent while a web of unjust suspicion was weaving about the captain; and the detective got credit for some mysterious skill in obtaining a knowledge of the counterfeit plate, because the clerk did not happen to know the detective's sister, Miss Judith Tyndal.

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE COURSE OF TRUE LOVE NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH—NEW COMPLICATIONS—DR. CHARTERVALE HOLDS AN UNPROFESSIONAL CONSULTATION—"THE GIRL'S IN LOVE."

DURING the exciting contest of the past week with striking railroad men, Captain Adams had had little time to brood over his unexpected defeat in his effort to secure the hand of Genevieve Cauldwell. Now the thought came to him with overwhelming force. In his own mind, he was satisfied that he possessed her love and her confidence. Why, then, did she reject him? It could only be—as he decided—because he was a Union soldier, and because she feared the opposition of her brother, of whose bitter hatred of all Union soldiers he was well aware. With renewed hope and confidence, therefore, he sat down on now reaching his room, and wrote the following manly letter:

PLANTERS HOUSE, ST. LOUIS, MO.

COL. MARSHALL CAULDWELL, Prentiss, Miss.

DEAR SIR: This is the letter of a soldier to a soldier. May I not safely trust that this will secure it at least respectful consideration?

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It has been my blessed good fortune to know and to love your sister and ward, Miss Genevieve Cauldwell. It has been mine to believe—and to have strong reason to believe—that my most devoted and honorable love was reciprocated by her. But when, in full confidence of a successful suit, I declared my devotion and asked the honor of her hand, she struggled a moment with tumultuous feeling, hesitated an instant with a face full of conflicting emotions, and, subjecting her love with a mighty will, declared it *could never be!* Regardful of her feelings, I have not spoken to her on the subject since. But feeling then, and being assured now, that she did violence to her own heart, from profound deference to you and the sentiments you still entertain toward the people of the North, I resolved to confer directly with you.

I was a captain of engineers during the war,—you would not ask me to conceal it,—and I took part in that contest for which neither I nor you are to blame,—on the side to which my Northern birth, my life-long residence, and all the associations with which I was inevitably surrounded naturally impelled me. But my warfare was always honorable, and *some* at least of your people have cause to be thankful for falling into my hands.

My reputation is above suspicion; my family connections good (Prof. Adams, well known in Illinois, is my father); my business is prosperous, and I am a wealthy father's only heir. These are formal statements; but I feel it altogether proper I should make them. And for the same reason I refer you to Dr. Chartervale—whom you know—by his permission.

And now, with these facts candidly set before you, am I unreasonable in asking that your approval of my suit

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should follow that of Miss Genevieve, when you are made assured of that fact ?

Hoping for such a response as will, as I do not doubt, make *two* of us happy,

I am, very respectfully, yours,

SETH ADAMS.

When this letter reached Colonel Cauldwell, he read it carefully, and decided not to reply, but inclosed it to Genevieve with a letter of his own :

MY DEAR SISTER VIEVE :

Some Yankee captain has written me the inclosed letter. Of course I shall not reply.

If you snubbed the Yankee because you despise them all as I do, and he is the man he pretends to be in this letter, I honor you. You have shown a just pride and a praiseworthy regard for the honor of our name.

If you really had permitted the fellow to receive encouragement and felt some attachment to him, then you are still the brave girl I always knew you to be, and I thank you for your proud refusal.

Finish your education and come home, and leave the Yankees to marry each other. You will find hosts of more worthy suitors nearer home. Please write to me.

Your loving brother,

MARSHALL CAULDWELL.

When Genevieve received her brother's letter it did not have the effect he expected. She first read that of Captain Adams to her brother, and was deeply moved. Then she read her brother's

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letter. A profound revulsion of feeling came over her, and she asked herself these questions: "Shall I stultify myself for an unreasoning prejudice? Shall I smother my own heart's great affection because there was once war between brethren? Is pride in the honor of our name, as my brother claims, indeed a just or a reasonable pride? Are the North and the South to be enemies forever? Captain Adams is at least worthy a reply from my implacable brother, for he writes like the noble and honorable man that he is. My brother shall have a reply."

She sat down and wrote to her brother as follows:

Your letter wounds and surprises me! Captain Adams is a *gentleman*, though a Northerner. A just regard to your own standing as a gentleman (of which no one is prouder than I) demands that you should give him a respectful reply—in the negative if you must,—but an answer worthy your dignity and his. Surely you will do that for your affectionate sister, GENEVIEVE.

In the meantime suit had been begun at Cincinnati in behalf of Mrs. Waterbury and Jane. When Henry Waterbury, Esquire, attorney at law, was served with summons by a United States marshal's deputy, and a "notice to take

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the deposition of Mrs. Fanny Chartervale, a witness deaf, dumb and blind," he first uttered certain words of vexation; and when he read further that said witness "could only communicate by telegraph," and that he was invited to be present, by himself or his attorney, "together with an expert telegrapher as interpreter," he laughed aloud, alone as he was in his office.

But after Mr. Waterbury had carefully read the copy of the interrogatories to be propounded to the deaf, dumb and blind witness, "a change came o'er the spirit of his dream." He was a lawyer, and he knew the questions had been prepared with a full knowledge of what the answers would be; and he knew that if this should prove to be a credible witness, those answers would make a strong case against him. Could it then be possible that his brother had married while abroad, and that the woman's story told him at the close of the war was true? Or was this only one of the boldest and sharpest schemes ever devised? He did not know; he could not tell. But he at once prepared certain cross-interrogatories and sent them to a legal friend at St. Louis, requesting him to attend the examination of Mrs. Chartervale, with an expert

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telegrapher as interpreter, and afterward to report to him, with a full copy of all the questions and answers, and such other facts as might aid him in his defense.

Mr. Waterbury had never believed there was any truth whatever in this story of the marriage of his brother to a Southern woman while abroad, but esteemed it a cunning device "to cover some rebel woman's shame," (as he said), and to get possession of the dead man's property. He had himself administered on his brother John's estate after his death at Bull Run; had given heavy bonds according to law; and being, as he supposed, his brother's heir, held the estate in trust for any future legal, equitable and honest claimant. Himself and his brother were not on very cordial terms with each other when the latter had gone abroad, and he was hardly surprised that his brother had not communicated with him at all during his absence. And yet he could hardly believe that so important a matter as his brother's marriage and the birth of his child could have been withheld from him. The fact was that John C. Waterbury had sent his wife and daughter home to Nonabel, as he supposed, when the war excitement diverted his own steps to Washington

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and to his death at Bull Run. But of these facts —well known to the reader—Henry Waterbury had no knowledge. It is not to be wondered at, then, that he awaited the interrogation of the witness at St. Louis with profound interest and no little misgiving as to the result.

At The Hermitage an equal or even greater anxiety existed as to the result of Mrs. Chartervale's examination as a witness. That lady had become so profoundly interested in the matter that she sent for Miss Jane two or three times a day to come to her room and answer some question concerning herself or her mother. She mused for hours over the year she had spent abroad with Miss Langdon,—now Mrs. Waterbury,—from whom she had been so completely separated by the war, and whose society she had so much enjoyed. A hundred questions would occur to her mind, which she was now interested in solving, as to the life of Mrs. Waterbury since their separation ; and by the time she had asked and obtained answers to a long list of these through the help of Miss Tyndal, that young woman knew almost as much of Miss Jane's personal history as did Miss Waterbury herself. But Miss Tyndal had something of the detective ability of

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her remarkable brother, and she soon came to perceive that Jane Waterbury had something on her mind or on her heart, which even disturbed her interest in the prospect of an early restoration of her own and her mother's good name—added to the promise of a fine estate in central Ohio. What was it that induced the moody silence or the unaccountable garrulity which came by turns over Miss Jane Waterbury? The interpreter who stood between Mrs. Chartervale and the visible and audible world, and hence, was able to watch Miss Jane, and did watch her—under most favorable circumstances—did her best (perhaps from mere womanly curiosity) to find out. So far, she met with little success.

One day, when Mrs. Chartervale had inquired if Miss Jane did not feel highly elated at the prospect of at last and so soon enjoying the estate and the station from which she had been so long and so unjustly deprived, Jane exclaimed, with a burst of excitement: "*It comes too late!*" Then, as Miss Tyndal was about to communicate these words, she was rudely interrupted by the grasp of Jane's hand on the vibrating pencil. "No, no!" said she; "do not tell her that. Say that 'I bless God that ever I came to her house!'" Miss Tyn-

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dal communicated these words as directed, as she looked into the eyes of Jane Waterbury with a scrutiny which brought a rush of blood into the expressive face of the young lady. Jane soon retired, and so ended the interview.

Dr. Chartervale took an especial interest in the affairs of Mrs. Waterbury and her daughter. He had so often heard Mrs. Chartervale, before her misfortune, relate incidents of the long tour abroad which she had enjoyed with Miss Jane Langdon (afterward Mrs. Waterbury), that he met that lady almost as an old friend. And he had come to feel also a warm personal regard for her daughter. But he, too, had observed something strange in the young lady's moodiness, and saw certain manifestations which he could not quite understand. He had first observed them after the day spent at The Hermitage by Captain Adams and Major Dabny, though he had not clearly connected in his own thoughts the presence of those gentlemen with the change in Miss Waterbury. One evening, while sitting in his wife's room, and just after Miss Jane had gone out, he turned curiously to Miss Tyndal and asked:

"What is the matter with the girl?"

"With Miss Waterbury do you mean?" re-

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plied Miss Tyndal, with a peculiarly knowing smile.

"Yes, with Miss Waterbury. When she came home with Genevieve she was as merry as a lark. I could hear her happy laugh all over the house. Now she seldom laughs, and when she does it is difficult to see just why; and at the very time of all her life when it would appear she should be happiest, she is half the time looking away into vacancy as if she saw some sorrowful vision. What's the matter, Miss Tyndal? You see much of her, and you are expert in these matters."

"The girl's in love, Doctor? don't you see it?"

"Fiddle-sticks! She needn't despair, if that's all. She is really very attractive, and she will no doubt soon be the heiress of a fine estate. Why does she not win her man? Girls understand that."

"Ah, Doctor, the gentleman can not marry both of them."

"Oh! And *that's* your theory is it? Well, if the captain's the man, I can hardly blame her. But I had looked in another direction for the captain, who—you may know—is a great favorite of mine. Does she suspect she has a rival?"

"She *knows* it. But——"

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"But what? Miss Tyndal."

"I beg your pardon, sir. It is all guesswork with me, and I should not have talked about it."

"Well, well. These moody fits will wear off, I suppose. She and Genevieve appear to be as good friends as ever?"

"Yes, sir, I think so; that is where the trouble comes. If one of the young ladies could just hate the other in real womanly style, she would feel relieved."

"Oh, no!" replied the doctor, with much earnestness; "I hope there will be no hating and no jealousy between them. They have been like sisters up there at Monticello, and it would be a sad thing for ill-feeling to grow up between them."

The doctor went out a good deal troubled over the matter. He hoped there might be nothing in it; but Miss Tyndal had the run of the house and went about everywhere in it without question; and he knew not only that she had had special advantages for observing the young ladies and in hearing their little talks together, but that she had a special aptitude for discriminative observation, and so was likely to be right in her views as to the real cause of Miss Jane's absent-mindedness.

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In the evening the doctor met Genevieve in the library alone, and undertook to ascertain how the matter stood. After some pleasant chat, he discreetly led up to the visit of Captain Adams and his friend Major Dabny to The Hermitage, and then said, playfully:

"You and your friend Jane must take care and not lose your hearts to the same gentleman; he could not get along with both of you."

"Indeed, doctor," replied Genevieve, "they will both have to get along without me. Jane is welcome to her choice, if she can have it."

"You don't mean it, Cousin Vieve?"

"I do mean it. Neither of those gentlemen will ever be husband of mine."

"I should be very sorry to have my friend Captain Adams think so!" And the doctor said this as if his whole heart were in the words.

"He knows it. I told him it could never be. I think it my duty to tell this to you, who have shown almost fatherly interest in my welfare."

"But I have invited Captain Adams to go with me on my trip to Pilot Knob, and to bring Major Dabny with him; and I had arranged for you and Miss Jane to go with us. It will be a delightful

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excursion, and we can make a three days' picnic of it. What am I to do?"

"Go, of course. We shall be delighted to go with you. Captain Adams and I remain friends; and he is a gentleman, and will know how to bear himself."

"Thank you, my dear Genevieve. Please give my invitation to Miss Waterbury. We go Tuesday morning."

And the doctor turned smiling away, believing marriage never impossible between lovers who agree to remain friends.

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CHAPTER IX.

ON THE IRON MOUNTAIN ROAD—THE VALLEY OF ARCADIA—SOUTHERN SENTIMENTS IN BUTTERNUT.

ON Tuesday morning everything was ready for the trip to Pilot Knob. For some weeks Dr. Chartervale had been contemplating this visit to Iron Mountain, Pilot Knob, and Shepherd's Mountain, for the purpose of examining their local geology and mineralogy, and he and Captain Adams (who was fond of those studies) first intended to have gone alone to make the examination, but it had been at last decided to make the visit one of pleasure also. And so the young ladies and Major Dabny had been invited to go with them. A tent, provisions for "camp," and other conveniences had already been sent forward, and on Tuesday morning the doctor, with his appliances—microscope, hammer, etc.—and the young ladies—including Annie—with sketching materials, blank books for pressing and preserving botanical specimens, field-glass, etc., etc.—met Captain Adams and

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the major at the train, and all were off for a three days' excursion.

Every mile of the route was interesting to the young ladies, who had never been down the Iron Mountain road. They admired the well-kept grounds at Jefferson Barracks, but thought they looked anything but warlike. As the train passed straight through the grounds, Captain Adams told the story of the rescue of United States arms from the St. Louis arsenal at the beginning of the war. He became enthusiastic over the success of Captain Stokes in getting possession of the arms and removing them to Alton.

"And just how was that thing managed, Captain?" inquired the major. "I know it was done right under the noses of our people; but I never knew just how."

"Well, this is just how," replied the captain, unable to restrain some manifestation of pride over the matter. "Captain Stokes, at the instance of Governor Yates, of Illinois, went to the arsenal——"

"Who was Captain Stokes?"

"Captain James H. Stokes was a Chicago man. He conferred with Captain Lyon at the arsenal, and showed him that the arms must be removed

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at all hazards. But a thousand spies then surrounded the arsenal, all on the watch, and every movement was at once reported to the headquarters of the secessionists, who were ready at any moment to overwhelm the small band at the arsenal. But Stokes understood himself. He ordered the steamer City of Alton to drop down to the arsenal at midnight. Then he set men to getting the boxes of arms all ready for shipment. He then took five hundred old flint-lock muskets and sent them to be put on a steamer at the city landing to mislead the enemy, and he succeeded. The secessionists seized these old guns and raised a shout of joy which brought from the arsenal nearly all of their own friends; the few who were left were then suddenly arrested and confined, while the arms were placed on board the boat alongside. There were 20,000 muskets, 500 revolvers, with cannon, cartridges and miscellaneous accoutrements."

"Well, you don't say that he got away with them all?"

"Clean away!—past the city, and past a battery on the shore, and straight to Alton, twenty miles above."

"Why didn't our folks fire upon the boat?"

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"Well—they did not: I don't know why. Probably they did not know what was on board. When all was ready, Captain Mitchell, of the steamboat—who was true blue—asked which way he was to go?

"'Straight to Alton, in the regular channel,' replied Stokes.

"'What if we're attacked?'

"'Then, we must fight.'

"'What if we are overpowered?'

"'Then run the boat to the deepest water and sink her!' said Stokes.

"'*I'll do it!*' replied Mitchell. And away went the steamer, past the city wharves and past the secession battery and straight to Alton, where they arrived at five o'clock in the morning. But Stokes proposed to make a sure thing of it against all pursuit. He rang the fire bells, called up the whole city, and soon had them loading the arms into the cars, and off for Springfield."

The major laughed heartily, and declared that the whole thing had been accomplished in splendid style.

After awhile the train reached the tunnel where General Jeff Thompson had his fight with a company of the 33d Illinois, after which he

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burned the bridge over Big River to break the railroad connection.

"And so our side was successful that time," remarked Miss Waterbury.

"Yes," replied Annie, with a twinkle in her eye; "General Thompson with his two thousand beat Captain Elliot and his ninety men. But we turned the tables on him soon afterward at Fredericktown."

"And for precisely the same reason," interposed the doctor, who looked upon the struggle as a contest between equals. "When Greek meets Greek the result depends upon the heaviest brigades."

Pilot Knob and the pretty town of Ironton were reached in time for a late dinner; and at the latter place the party dined at the hotel, where Charlie, the colored man who had been sent on before, reported for instructions. Charlie told the captain (in whose service he was) that "de tent was already pitched tudder side de creek, whar you could see all creation!"

"Tudder side de creek" meant beyond the pretty stream to the southward, near the village of Arcadia. It was nearly a mile away; but thither all of the party went on foot. They

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found the tent pitched in a rocky, well-shaded nook east of the high ground on which had stood old Fort Hovey, with a magnificent view for miles eastward, with Pilot Knob on the left and Shepherd's Mountain off to the right and behind.

The party had hardly got seated on camp-stools for their first view of the picturesque scenery about them, when a little old weezen-faced man, in butternut clothing and old straw hat, came up and bid them "Howdy!"

Major Dabny took the man's measure in a moment, and replied for the company:

"Thanky; purty well. Do you live round here?"

Charlie, the colored man, took the visitor's measure also, and turned away with a grin.

"I live down the run thar. You people from the North?" inquired the stranger.

"St. Louis," replied the major.

"Never h'yer befo'?"

"Yes; I was here while the old fort was building," replied the major.

"On the loil side?"

"No; I was a rebel spy."

The man grinned, as if he had found congenial company.

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"But *I* was here to inspect the fort, on the loyal side," said the captain.

The man looked from the captain to the major and from the major to the captain, not quite understanding this mingling of "loil" and "disloil."

"You do not understand us, I see," here remarked Dr. Chartervale. "We are satisfied that the war is over, and we friends from both sides have come to look over the ground. You are not still fighting down this way?"

"No——." Then casting his eyes toward Charlie, the old man added: "It was mighty rough on us to lose all our niggers!"

Charlie went a little to one side, turned away, and bowing himself almost double, laughed to himself immoderately, shaking all over.

"How many 'niggers' did you lose?" inquired the major, very seriously.

"I didn't lose nary one."

Charlie was laughing again, turning his head half round to get a glimpse of the stranger, while his big eyes had a rim of white all round.

"Then you didn't lose much by the war?" continued the major.

"Well, not very much. Squire Townsen' out west h'yer ten miles lost twenty niggers."

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"Did it ruin him?"

"Well, no. He makes mo' money now nor he did befo'."

"How does that happen?"

"He hires the niggers, and don't have no young ones to keep."

"Were you about here when the fort was built?"

"I wur."

"They put all the trees from this high ground into it, I remember. A good deal of wood, wasn't it?"

"'Bout ten thousan' cord, I should say, judgin' by the amount of pay the owner got for it, as bein' a loil man."

"Now, there's a man," said Major Dabny, as the stranger walked away, "who never did anything for himself. He was, and still is, a 'poor white.' And he grew up to think only colored men should labor; so he spent his time hunting and fishing and doing nothing. And now look at him!—the type of thousands."

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CHAPTER X.

THE DOCTOR'S EXCURSION TO OLD FORT HOVEY—GENEVIEVE'S DISCOVERY—ON THE HOTEL VERANDA—AN INTERESTING COLLOQUY.

THE whole party went to the region of the old fort, delighted with the view in every direction, while Captain Adams, at the request of Genevieve, described the fort as he saw it in 1862, while Hovey's men—the 33d Illinois—were building it. General Grant's old regiment—the 21st Illinois—was then stationed at Ironton, close by, and the 38th Illinois, under Colonel Carlin, was at the Knob. It required two or three months' work of a thousand men, and when completed was little better than a stockade. It was built of heavy timber cut on the ground close by, and was about one hundred yards by sixty in extent; a vast parallelogram twelve feet high, made of logs in tiers ten feet apart, and filled in with dirt between. And at the corners were bastions mounted each with a twenty-pounder cannon.

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"But it was not a piece of your engineering, Captain?" inquired the major.

"No. I should hardly have built an open fort on that spot, with Pilot Knob on one side, Shepherd's Mountain on another, and commanding eminences on three sides."

"What became of it?" inquired Miss Annie. "Was it never of any use? I thought our engineers knew better."

"The fact was," replied the captain, "we had not engineers enough to go round: there were too many points to be defended. But it did frighten away Jeff Thompson at one time. He came within six miles with his army one night, and then concluded to back out for want of heavy guns."

"What became of the fort?"

"It was abandoned as untenable before Price's raid in 1864, and the forces were concentrated at the Knob; and during the battle at Pilot Knob, in September of that year, Price's troops destroyed the fort."

Returning to the vicinity of the tent, Genevieve sought a favorable position for sketching Pilot Knob, while Jane strolled about with the field-glass in hand, and the gentlemen went over

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to have a close inspection of Shepherd's Mountain.

Charlie stood looking with much curiosity at Genevieve's sketching, when she observed him, and said:

"Were you a slave before the war, Charlie?"

He was a tall, likely-looking colored man, quite intelligent and very polite. He replied:

"Yes, Miss. I belonged to Mars' Cauldwell, at Prentiss."

"*You!* Good gracious, Charlie, you were not my brother's boy who was burned to death in the jail—or was supposed to be?"

"Yes, Miss," replied Charlie, with a grin; but I wasn't burnt to death. You see, the Union folks heerd me a yellin' and a yellin', and dey chopt de do' lock off wid an axe an' got me out."

"Why Charlie!" exclaimed Genevieve, in great surprise. "And do you know who I am?"

"I 'spect I does, Miss. You's Mars' Cauldwell's sister. Seed you often, Miss, when you was a little one."

"And how did you know that, Charlie?"

"De doctah's coachman, Tom, tole me 'bout dat."

"Well, I'm sure I don't know how Tom knew;

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but the servants know all about the folks, I suppose."

"Jes' so, Miss," replied Charlie.

The sun was going down over the hills in the west before Genevieve completed her sketch of Pilot Knob, and Charlie had prepared a lunch in front of the tent. The gentlemen soon came up, and all did justice to Charlie's baskets and bottles, after which the doctor exhibited his fine specimens of loadstone from Shepherd's Mountain, cigars were lighted, and the whole company joined in admiration of the magnificent sunset scene. It was early in August—too early for those gorgeous sunsets striped in glowing red, purple and gold, which are not very rare later in the season in the Central States; but over the western hills was now outstretched a cloud-banner it was a wonder to behold! The whole horizon above the hill-tops was a background of glowing ether like molten gold. Stretched before it were streakings of purple shaded with gray, with amethystine edges, and between these stripings of fiery red almost too brilliant for the eye, while behind a distant hill-top the receding sun sent out his radiant beams, flashing outward and upward to the zenith and converging in fainter

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perspective in the east. Pilot Knob elevated his bold peak like a beacon pyramid on the plains of Egypt, and threw his dark shadow far off into the grand vista to the eastward; while Shepherd's Mountain, now with his visible side in the shade, reminded the young ladies of the fabled haunts of hobgoblins. They professed themselves well repaid for their journey by the sight of this glorious sunset, and concluded that "Arcadia Valley" was a delightful spot, and all that it was reported to be.

Then there came the pressing of ferns and other botanical trophies between book leaves, and the preparations for the walk back to Ironton for the night's lodging. Charlie was to remain in the tent; and as the party were to climb the Knob the next morning in time to see the sun rise, he promised to have breakfast ready by the time they came to the tent.

After supper at the hotel, the doctor and Captain Adams took a seat on the veranda outside, while Major Dabny spent the evening with the young ladies in the parlor. The major had really taken a strong liking to Miss Annie from their first meeting, and he appeared to be nowhere so happy as in her society.

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While Dr. Chartervale and the captain were discussing some of the events which had occurred during the war for the Union, an elderly gentleman, among others who were present on the veranda, gave them very marked attention. He sat with his broad-brimmed hat on, smoking a long-stemmed pipe. His age was perhaps sixty years, though he was still active and vigorous. The doctor and the captain knew from his whole appearance that he was a well-to-do farmer and a former slave-State man. At a favorable opportunity, when it did not seem like intrusion, he said:

"You two gentlemen git along mighty smooth in your talk, bein' on opposite sides in the wa', as I take it?"

"Oh, no," replied Captain Adams, not unwilling to have some talk with the man; "we were both on the same side. But he was a surgeon, and attended the wounded of both sides alike, and he's a kind of neutral. He thinks both sides were right (in their own honest opinion), and that the war had to come, and now they should kiss and be friends."

"Dunno but he's 'bout half right 'bout the matter," said the man. "My name's Thoms.

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I live back here ten or twelve mile, and I was a bitter secesh. But guess I didn't know't all."

"Were you in the service?" inquired the captain.

"Well, no; but they put me in prison all the same."

"Who put you in prison?"

"Colonel C'yarlin. He gobbled up more'n a hundred of us and put us in our own court-house, sir, under g'yard, in this very town."

"Why did Colonel Carlin do that?"

"He said we was disloil; an' I 'spose he was right 'bout that. But he told us if we'd give bond for our good behavior he'd let us go."

"And you wouldn't do that?"

"Some of 'em did, but I swo' I'd be cussed if I give any bond. I reckon I was a fool (laughing). I thought the whole object of the wa' wur to free our niggers, an' I thought that would be ruin—I say I thought so. I know better now—I kin hire niggers cheaper than I can own 'em."

"Yes, I suppose that is so," replied the captain.

And then the doctor spoke:

"You are an intelligent gentleman. Have you

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not now learned that the North did *not* go to war to free the negroes?"

"Good many of 'em did," replied the old man; "the abolitionists did."

"Yes, some of them—not all. But I think that a large majority—a very large majority—of all who volunteered in the war on the Union side were not abolitionists. Most of them were opposed to the slave system of organized society, and a large proportion were opposed to slavery itself, and anxious to see it abolished—when it could be done legally and constitutionally. But I believe that nine men out of every ten who went into the Union army were at first willing to stand by the South as long as the South would stand by the Union."

"And let 'em have slavery?" inquired the old man.

"And let *them* have slavery—yes. But slavery and no slavery could not continually exist side by side peaceably."

"Why didn't the North let us go off to ourselves, then?"

"For the very reason which led you to wish to go off by yourselves—self-interest. We couldn't spare you."

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"Cussed if that aint honest, anyhow," responded the farmer. "But didn't your folks all turn abolitionists befo' the wa' ended?"

"I guess they did—nearly all. It was a simple question of victory or defeat. We had to abolish slavery or get whipped."

The farmer laughed heartily, and assented to this. Then he asked the doctor if he supposed the North and the South would or could ever again be good friends.

"Certainly they will. They can not help it. The people of the South have all the blessings and benefits of our free government that we have. We all stand as equals. We must become reconciled in the very nature of things. It is injustice and inequality after war which keep men enemies. Here the victors and the vanquished fare alike, and there is no more cause for discord."

The old man was much moved. He took the doctor's hand, and said: "Good night, stranger; I believe you are right. I can go to sleep on that, anyhow." And he went in and went to bed, followed soon after by the doctor and Captain Adams.

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CHAPTER XI.

THE EXCURSION TO PILOT KNOB, AND HOW IT ENDED—POOR WHITE TRASH—CAPTAIN ADAMS MEETS WITH AN UNPLEASANT SURPRISE.

BEFORE the sun rose next morning the whole party, except Jane Waterbury, had ascended Pilot Knob almost to the highest accessible point. She had halted half way, upon the pretext of collecting some fine ferns which she found nestling under a projecting crag in a shady nook, but really because she was fatigued, and did not think the sight of the rising sun would "pay for all that climbing."

What a sight fell upon their eyes! Not a cloud was to be seen. A radiant East touched the horizon with a golden glow full thirty miles away. The intervening valley, still lying in comparative shadow, variegated with rocks and hills and giant trees and a thousand forms of shubbery, lay beautiful and still, as if silence and rest were the first law of nature. In three directions the view

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was unobstructed and almost unlimited, and the name of "Pilot Knob" found its explanation. It was, indeed, a visible guide and beacon for thirty miles around.

Then the sun came up and touched with splendor all the wondrous scene—all the more wondrous because the exultant spectators were accustomed only to level and monotonous plains.

"And now," exclaimed Genevieve, "it needs but one thing to make this bright vision complete. Could I but fly to the furthest hill which, in the east yonder, looks fifty miles away, and look back upon this rocky mountain from whence 'ten miles of distance smooths rough Monadnock to a gem,' I should be ready to return to the prairies of Illinois or the flat plantations of Mississippi."

"You are becoming poetic, Genevieve," responded Annie. "But isn't the line you quoted —Wendell Holmes', is it not?—almost a plagiarism of the oft-quoted line, "'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view'?"

"I declare, Annie," was the reply, "this is not a time for questions of plagiarism. Besides, I leave those things at all times to the critics. Is nobody henceforth to describe the effect of distance because some lucky poet once embalmed his

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thought in apt array of words? Look upon this grand scene! Is no one else to behold it and praise it because we have climbed the peak this morning?"

"That is all very well," responded Annie; "but I like to study this mountain close at hand also. Jane will collect the ferns, I the mineral specimens, and you may have the poetry."

This she said with a genial smile which Genevieve very well understood, for Annie was quite as fond of the poetical as herself, though more subdued in her expressions of delight.

"But is this 'knob' a mountain at all?" inquired Genevieve.

"That depends," responded the wise Annie, "and my brother will tell you upon what." She knew the geological distinction between a mountain and a hill very well; but she did not choose to appear pedantic.

"Certainly," said the doctor, as he felt himself called upon to say what the question depended upon. "This fine peak has been thrown up—not graded down; it was not left standing when surrounding matter was graded away, but is a hill of elevation, thrown up by internal forces."

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"Well, it required a good deal of internal force to bring us up here, and I am now ready to descend; let us go down," said Genevieve.

When they rejoined Jane about half way down, they found her with a fine collection of calc-spar crystals which she had gathered in the rubbish of an old excavation. They were nearly transparent, finely crystallized and very unlike the mass of the mountain, which was igneous and not calcareous, and it had come from an interior vein of marbleized limestone.

They had now been two hours upon the mountain, and hastened to the tent at Arcadia, where Charlie had his *extempore* breakfast all ready.

"Oh, Charlie!" said Genevieve, who now looked upon him as one of her chattels under the "patriarchal institution": "we all climbed Pilot Knob to see the sun rise."

"I seed it down h'yer, Miss Genevieve, widout havin' to climb any mountain."

A general laugh was the response to this, though it was not quite certain whether Charlie's remark was the effect of African humor or the absence of development in the sense of the beautiful. At any rate, he knew how to make good coffee, and the boiling pot was redolent of the

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refreshing aroma, while the sandwiches, canned fruits, sardines and Sweitzer cheese combined to make an inviting feast to appetites well sharpened by early rising and a clamber to the top of Pilot Knob.

After breakfast Dr. Chartervale and Captain Adams obtained horses at Ironton for a ride of some miles to examine the exposed rock in a remarkable gorge, and the ladies and Major Dabny arranged plans for passing the day in Arcadia Valley.

Several hours were spent in the gorge with very satisfactory results to the learned doctor and his companion, when they turned their horses' heads again toward the north. At the outlet of the glen they called at a rude cabin for a drink of water. The cabin and its occupants were relics of the old slavery days. The cabin was a rude structure of logs, consisting of a single room, and appeared almost ready to tumble down, and the clapboard roof let in streaks of sunshine and gave glimpses of the sky above. On one side was a broad fire-place ending in a chimney of clay-daubed sticks. A large half-consumed log was lazily burning in the fire-place, at each end of which was a pile of ashes large enough to have been the product of

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all last winter's fires. The floor, like the hearth, was of clay; and the whole furniture of this desolate habitation consisted of a cupboard, made by putting rude shelves into a large box—which also did duty as a table; two bedsteads made by putting rails into the chinks between the logs at one end and supporting the other upon posts driven into the ground; a cradle made of an empty shoe-box, and two or three wooden stools. There were also a few pots and pans, some old tinware, and some cheap clay crockery. That was almost the entire inventory.

Inside this "poor white man's" residence sat the man himself, nursing a two-year-old child before the fire, and watching the pot where a few "roasting-ears" of Indian corn were boiling. About the door three other cadaverous-looking children were playing in the dirt, half naked, and apparently half starved. The little one in the man's lap was pale, and as thin almost as a skeleton.

When the doctor asked him for a drink of water the man looked toward an old bucket containing a gourd, and, nodding his head in that direction, said:

"Over thar, stranger."

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The doctor, after he and the captain had taken a drink from the gourd, said:

"Your baby is sick, I see."

"Yes; little Billy's bin sick all summer, and don't git no better."

"You do not look well yourself."

"No; hed the chills."

"And the little fellows at the door look half sick, too."

"Yes, stranger; aint none o' 'em well, 'pears like."

"Where's the mother?"

"She is washin' down to the run, she is."

"Don't you know that you will none of you be well while you remain in this sickly bottom?"

"Cain't git away, stranger."

"You'll all die here!"

"Guess that's so."

"Why don't you knock round and get work somewhere, and get out of this? You can do some work, can you not?"

The man looked astonished at such a question. After a little hesitation, he replied:

"*I aint no nigger!*"

"Neither am I," responded the doctor—almost vexed at the poor victim of a bad system.

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"Neither is this gentleman," looking toward Captain Adams; "but we are not too proud to work and to receive pay for it."

"Free-State men," responded the poor fellow, listlessly—"free-State men, I reckon."

At this moment the woman came in from the washing "down to the run," and, hearing her husband's remark, she responded with a squeaky voice:

"I wish to God, Jeff, you was a free-State man! I've bin tryin' ever sence the wa', gentlemen, to git my man to move to Illinoy and go to work, but he won't do it; an' just look at us!"

"Does he own this cabin?" Captain Adams ventured to inquire.

"No—sir-re! He don't own nuthin' but fo' chillen an' two dogs!"

The man showed not the least resentment at this: he had probably heard something like it before. He only relaxed his face into a lazy grin.

"Gentle*men*, said the wife, after a flash of vexation at her do-nothing spouse, "gentle*men*, can either of you spare me a little tobacker? We're clean out."

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The captain took a small package of "fine-cut" from his pocket and gave it to the woman, asking if that would answer. It was accepted with profuse thanks; and the gentlemen resumed their ride toward Ironton. When they were out of hearing the captain exclaimed: "Good gracious, Doctor! is that a fair specimen of what is called the 'po' white'?"

"Well, no; that is rather an extreme case. That fellow has been left over from ante-war times. But during our march through Southeast Missouri I saw several cases as bad as this. Another generation, however, will make an end of the class. The tide of progress, under the new order of things, will leave most of them to perish on the shore of a receding sea which will never return to them. Already such as could be saved are adapting themselves to the new labor system; and Missouri will probably reap more benefit from the downfall of slavery than any other State."

When the doctor and his companion had returned to Ironton and left their horses, they repaired to the tent in the suburbs of Arcadia, where they found Charlie amusing his white friends by singing a negro melody in a rich,

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musical voice, and to an air like an old camp-meeting tune. One stanza will do for a specimen :

"Way down in old Virginny—
Ho! my yaller gal,
Dar we raise our pickaninny—
Ha! my yaller gal.
Marster say I don't do nuffin,
Mistress say I don't do nuffin—
Always in the kitchen stuffin—
Hi! my yaller gal."

On the refrain—"Ho! my yaller gal"—Charlie especially displayed his fine voice, dwelling on the words in long, loud, but plaintive modulations, which rang through the valley like a post-horn.

A late dinner was waiting for the doctor and Captain Adams, and Charlie served them in his usual polite style, happy to have them back.

The young ladies announced that they were almost weary of sight-seeing and ready to return to St. Louis by the evening train, which would be along in an hour. Genevieve had secured some fine sketches of the surrounding scenery, Jane had a good collection of plants, and Annie quite a good series of the local minerals—some of them rare and very beautiful; especially, she had a large loadstone from the magnetic iron beds of Shepherd's Mountain, which would lift by its

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attractive force nearly its own weight of iron, and with which she had much mystified Charlie by showing him how it would turn one end invariably to the north when suspended by a thread. In truth, the only one who had had poor success that day was Major Dabny; he had been making love to Annie, who appeared to be as insusceptible to the tender passion as a bronze statue. She laughed at him, and told him he ought to know—as everybody else knew—that she "was born for an old maid."

At four o'clock they were all aboard the Iron Mountain train and off for home, leaving Charlie to follow with tent and fixtures next day.

In the evening, as the train slowed up at the St. Louis depot, a man was seen apart from the ever-present crowd, anxiously looking into the car windows as if seeking some one. His eye fell on Captain Adams. He watched him through the window, saw him pass to the door to leave the car, and as the captain stepped out laid a hand upon his shoulder. Captain Adams turned, saw that the man was a deputy United States marshal whom he knew, and followed his beck to one side. The officer exhibited a paper, and said in a low tone that he had a warrant for the cap-

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tain's arrest. After a hurried conversation in a low voice, Dr. Chartervale was called, and telling the doctor that he was arrested for counterfeiting, Captain Adams requested him to go with himself and the officer to the office of the United States commissioner, upon whose warrant the arrest had been made.

After arranging that Major Dabny should see the young ladies to The Hermitage, and without a word of explanation, the doctor requested Genevieve to tell Mrs. Chartervale that he had been detained, but would soon be out; and then he accompanied the officer and Captain Adams to the office of the commissioner.

On entering the office, Captain Adams, without being disturbed in the least,—though very much surprised, of course,—said to the commissioner, whom he knew very well:

"What does this mean, 'Squire?"

That officer in a perfunctory way took a paper from his table, adjusted his spectacles, looked carefully over the paper, and replied:

"The affidavit charges the unlawful manufacture and possession of an electrotype engraving of a fifty cents United States fractional currency note," said the commissioner.

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The captain looked significantly at Dr. Chartervale, nodded his head, and then asked the commissioner who made the affidavit.

"Captain Tyndal, the secret-service officer."

"Where is the captain? He should be here if I am to have an examination."

"It is too late for an examination to-night," replied the commissioner; "we must hear the case in the morning, when Captain Tyndal and the other witness will be here."

"Who is the other witness, 'Squire, if you please?"

"Tom Pendleton, of the Planters."

"Oh, yes, I suppose so. I begin to understand the matter now. But I suppose, 'Squire, I can waive an examination before you and give bond for my appearance before the district court to answer an indictment, if one should be found?"

"Certainly," said the officer. "I think that is your wisest way. I shall have to hold you in the sum of five thousand dollars."

"You know Dr. Chartervale? Will he do on the bond? If not, I can give you as many more as you want."

"Oh, yes; I know the doctor; he'll do."

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So the blank recognizance was filled out by the commissioner, duly signed by Captain Adams and the doctor as his bondsman, and Captain Adams was discharged, to await the action of the grand jury.

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CHAPTER XII.

HOW MRS. CHARTERVALE'S DEPOSITION WAS TAKEN—JUSTICE AT LAST—MRS. WATERBURY RECOVERS HAPPINESS AND FORTUNE.

WHEN the morning of the day set for taking the deposition of Mrs. Chartervale arrived, four gentlemen in a carriage drove up to the gate at the entrance to The Hermitage, were admitted, and came up to the main door, where they were received by Dr. Chartervale.

The four gentlemen were Levi Stone, Esq., attorney for Mrs. Waterbury; Job Manson, Esq., attorney for Henry Waterbury; Frank Tracy, an expert telegrapher, and United States Commissioner Slade.

Dr. Chartervale requested these gentlemen to be seated before proceeding to Mrs. Chartervale's room, so that he might explain to them his wife's peculiar infirmity, and prepare them for the strange business of taking the deposition of a witness deaf, dumb and blind. They were all

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much impressed with the doctor's statement, and went into the presence of the witness prepared to find her a lady of culture and intelligence, notwithstanding her remarkable condition.

On entering the room of Mrs. Chartervale, while the commissioner was arranging his papers for the business in hand, the telegrapher was conferring in a low tone with Miss Tyndal, with whom he was already acquainted. Miss Tyndal, after explaining what she was about to do, took Mrs. Chartervale's hand,—who at once understood that she was to receive a communication,—and held up her thumb and finger to receive the signals.

"I am informing her," said Miss Tyndal, "that you are all present, and are about to take the deposition."

Mrs. Chartervale put her hand quickly upon her Morse key and rattled off a reply. The telegrapher from the city had watched all this very closely; and he himself now turned to Mr. Manson, for whom he acted as interpreter, and said:

"She says she is ready, but asks if her husband is present." Then he added to his employer that the lady made sharp, distinct signals, and that he could read them very easily.

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The commissioner then proceeded to administer the oath to Miss Tyndal and Mr. Tracy as interpreters and to Mrs. Chartervale as a witness, through Miss Tyndal. She comprehended it thoroughly, and at its conclusion nodded her acceptance of the oath.

Mr. Waterbury's attorney was not quite satisfied, and asked that she be requested to repeat telegraphically, as near as she could remember it, the oath just taken. Immediately the key began to rattle, and Tracy read off the words as they came: "I do solemnly swear that the answers which I shall make to the interrogatories which shall be propounded to me in this case, wherein Jane L. Waterbury is plaintiff and Henry Waterbury is defendant, shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; so help me God."

There was no further interruption. All parties were satisfied that the witness understood the questions put to her by this pencil-telegraphy, and her replies were understood easily by both telegraphic witnesses.

The first few questions propounded related to the name—now and before marriage—of the witness, her age, former residence, her whereabouts

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in the years 1859, '60 and '61, and her knowledge of John C. Waterbury, deceased. And her answers to these agreed with what the reader has already learned. She had been present at the marriage of John C. Waterbury and Jane Langdon at the American Embassy in Paris, January 5, 1860; had been present in the hotel at the birth of the daughter, Jane; had returned with Mr. and Mrs. Waterbury to the United States in 1861, and knew of the separation of husband and wife —one going to Washington, and the other, with her brother, to Mississippi.

Interrogatory 20: "Did you ever see a certificate of that marriage at the American Minister's?"

Answer: "I did."

Interrogatory 21: "Do you know the contents of that certificate?"

Answer: "I read it often, and think I can repeat the words."

Interrogatory 22: "Repeat that certificate to the best of your recollection."

Answer: "American Embassy, City of Paris, France.—On this fifth day of January, A.D. 1860, John C. Waterbury, of the State of Ohio, and Jane Langdon, of the State of Mississippi, United

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States of America, were legally joined in marriage in my presence and in the presence of the witnesses whose names are subjoined—John Y. Mason, Minister; W. R. Calhoun, Secretary of Legation. Charles Langdon, Fanny Gwynn, witnesses."

The next interrogatory requested the witness to state how she came to be so familiar with that certificate, and whether she knew where said certificate now was.

She explained in her answer that the certificate had come into her possession after the marriage, she could not now tell how or why, and it was in her possession still.

She was next requested to attach that certificate, making it a part of her deposition, and she took it from her pocket and handed it to the officer to be compared with her statement of its contents. It corresponded exactly. But upon examining the reverse face a memorandum was found, as follows: "Little Jane, born at Paris, November 10, 1860.—J. C. W."

Mrs. Chartervale was asked what she knew of any note on the back of the marriage certificate. She replied that there was a memorandum there —which she had forgotten to allude to—written

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by John C. Waterbury, and fixing the date of his daughter's birth.

The attorney for the defense propounded but a single cross-interrogatory, as follows:

"How are you able to identify, if you do so identify, the present plaintiff in this suit as the lady whom you refer to, and whom this certificate of marriage refers to?"

"I identify her by many hours' conversation with her, in which she has recounted to me the whole history of our journey together and of our personal intimacy, which included many things known only to herself and me. I am certain of her identity."

This closed the examination. The commissioner completed the papers, put the deposition into an envelope, and sealed it up. Then he directed it to the clerk of the Circuit Court of the United States at Cincinnati. When he was about to put postage stamps upon it, however, Mr. Stone requested that the document be sent by express, as that certificate was too valuable to be trusted to the mails, and he gave the commissioner money to pay express charges.

It was then agreed, and so indorsed on the envelope, that the inclosed deposition might be

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opened in the presence of the clerk by either party prior to the day of trial. This agreement being signed by each of the attorneys, the package was ready for transmission.

In the carriage, as the four gentlemen returned to the city, the deaf and blind witness and her testimony were discussed.

"Is the lady a good operator?" inquired Mr. Manson of the telegrapher whom he had taken out as an interpreter.

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Tracy; "she handles the key well, and her reading of that pencil between the thumb and finger is remarkable."

"I was not before aware that that could be done," remarked Mr. Manson.

"Oh, yes; the Morse alphabet was at first intended to be read by sight, as it was written by the register in dots and dashes. But we soon learned to read from the sounds made by the instruments. And it is now used for signaling at long distances by long and short flashes of sunlight. It may be read by sight, by sound, and by touch, as you saw to-day."

"Rather a settler, that deposition, wasn't it?" said Mr. Stone, looking rather triumphantly at Mr. Manson.

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"Yes," replied the latter gentleman; "Waterbury will not exult much over it. But he wrote me that if the answers to the interrogatories were what they promised to be, the whole thing would turn on the validity of the reputed marriage certificate."

"Well, that's all right, isn't it? It appears to me to be genuine."

"Yes, it appears well on its face. But we will have to verify it at the State Department in Washington. There was a good deal of changing about in the French Legation at the outbreak of the war and just before; and we must verify names, dates and signatures. That certificate purports to be signed by John Y. Mason and attested by Calhoun as Secretary of Legation. Now, Faulkner was our French Minister after Mason, and superseded him in the early part of 1860—I can't learn the exact dates; and Faulkner returned in 1861, leaving the Embassy records in confusion, it is reported. The official dates in Washington of all these changes will be a test of this certificate."

"Oh, the certificate is all right," said Mr. Stone, "and it is better than we knew of before, because it contains an indorsement showing date and

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place of his daughter's birth in the writing of John C. Waterbury himself."

"Well, we'll see about that. If Henry Waterbury recognizes that as his brother's writing I think he will abandon the case," said Mr. Manson.

Job Manson was a good lawyer, and he well knew the importance of the testimony he had seen taken that day. So soon as he had reached his office he sat down and wrote to Mr. Waterbury, at Nonabel, detailing the whole matter. He described Mrs. Chartervale, gave the history of her strange bereavement, told of her expertness as a telegrapher, her intelligent replies to the interrogatories, the interpreter's assurance of her ready communication by telegraph, and her wonderful recollection of the marriage certificate; and he called special attention to the discovery of the memorandum on the back of the marriage certificate, apparently in the handwriting of the deceased John C. Waterbury. He concluded his letter by referring to the stipulation on the envelope enclosing the deposition, agreeing that it might be opened in the presence of the clerk by either party, and recommended that Mr. Waterbury proceed at once to Cincinnati and examine the deposition for himself.

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Three days afterward, when Mr. Henry Waterbury received that letter, he did not laugh, but he did what a lawyer is not supposed to do very often—he consulted his wife. He told her the whole story, and asked her advice.

Now, this Mrs. Waterbury was a "down East" Yankee; and though she was living in the mansion which had been owned by John C. Waterbury, and with her husband had been enjoying the estate of the dead man for sixteen years, she answered her husband promptly after hearing his statement:

"We must give it up, Henry. This house, and the farm, and the turnpike stock, and the money John left, is all the honest property of that poor woman in Mississippi. We must give it up!"

Mr. Waterbury did not reply for some minutes. Then he said:

"I will go at once to Cincinnati, Nancy, and if that certificate of marriage—and especially that indorsement—is right (I can't be mistaken about John's writing), I will enter a confession of judgment and decree in her favor." And to Cincinnati he went that very afternoon. On arriving there he called upon Mr. Gazley—Mrs. Waterbury's legal representative—and together the two

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lawyers went to the office of the clerk of the United States Circuit Court, and in his presence opened and examined the deposition of Mrs. Chartervale. Henry Waterbury read it carefully through without a word of comment. Then he studied the indorsement on the original certificate of marriage, and knew it to be in the handwriting of his deceased brother. Then, turning to Gazley, he said:

"This is the most remarkable thing, Gazley, I ever knew. That lady was my brother's wife: I surrender. I have been wrong all the time; and now I propose to make it right as soon as possible. Let the clerk enter up judgment by confession, and a decree covering all her claims. Write the outlines of the decree you wish, submit it to me in the morning, and let it be entered at once, while court is in session. I will be present, and assent to judgment and decree."

On the next day this arrangement was fully carried out in open court; and Jane Langdon Waterbury was appointed guardian of her daughter Jane, and Henry Waterbury was ordered to account for and to turn over the entire estate of his deceased brother to her, including rents and profits for sixteen years.

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When Henry Waterbury returned to his little Yankee wife at Nonabel and told her all he had done, she fell upon his neck and wept for joy. Her husband was a just man, and she thanked God for giving her such a husband.

That night Mr. Waterbury wrote a long, kindly letter to his sister-in-law, telling her what he had done, and inviting her to the possession of her estate and her honorable name so long kept from her.

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CHAPTER XIII.

A GLANCE AT A GRAND JURY AT WORK—THE TELL-TALE PLATE—MISS GENEVIEVE MAKES A VERY UNPLEASANT DISCOVERY, BUT SEES HER WAY CLEAR AT LAST.

IN all free governments organized after the similitude of English law, a grand jury is thought to be a very sacred institution. It protects the life and property of the citizen *ex parte* by hearing and giving credit to all charges of crime against him, and denying any defense. It is organized to convict; and it is as perfectly adapted to that end—without regard to guilt or innocence—as any merely human institution could reasonably be expected to be. It is much venerated by nearly all law-abiding people, because it is old, and because they know so little about it. Twenty-three good men and true, chosen from the body of the county, can hardly go astray in finding a "true bill" by their affirmative vote when they hear but one side of the case. And in what are known in this happy land as "United States"

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courts, grand juries are supposed to be made up of the very best men in the district. And so they are, generally. And we are going now to violate the law and admit the reader right into the grand jury room, while that august body proceeds to indict "one Seth Adams" for counterfeiting. If any reader prefers not to witness the proceeding, he will find a bailiff at the door ready to keep him out.

The room is large, and in the upper part of an edifice built by the United States "regardless of expense" (literally). A long table stands in the centre, around which are twenty-three chairs (when these do not happen to be benches instead). At the head of the table sits the foreman, and near him the clerk—both units of the twenty-three. The other chairs are occupied by as multifarious a variety of men as can anywhere be found in the same number. Most of them belong to "the regular panel," having been duly summoned before the term began; but a few are "professionals," picked up to supply vacancies.

The United States district attorney enters. He hands to the foreman a memorandum containing the name of Seth Adams, and stating the charge against him,

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"Gentlemen," says the attorney, "I ask your attention to the case of Seth Adams, charged with having unlawfully in his possession an electrotype engraved plate for printing counterfeit fifty-cent postal notes, and also with having himself unlawfully fabricated said plate. You will find the sections under which he is charged marked for your perusal in this volume of United States Statutes. But I call your attention to the points now specially involved in this case. The statute provides as follows: 'The words *obligations or other securities of the United States* shall be held to include and mean fractional notes;' that 'if any person shall engrave, or shall cause or procure to be engraved, or shall aid or assist in engraving any plate or plates in the likeness or similitude of any plate or plates designed for the printing of any such obligation or other security, or any part thereof,' [that includes fractional notes], * * * 'except under the direction of the Secretary of the Treasury or other proper officer,' * * * 'or shall have *in his custody or possession* any metallic plate engraved after the similitude of any plate from which any such obligation or other security' [including postal notes] 'has been printed,' * * * 'except

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under authority of the Secretary of the Treasury, etc., every person so offending shall be deemed guilty of felony, and shall, on conviction, be fined not exceeding $5,000 or imprisoned not exceeding fifteen years, or both.'

"From all of which you will see, gentlemen," said the attorney, after finishing his readings, "that it is an offense—a felony—to counterfeit or imitate the fractional currency, *for any purpose whatever*, without authority from the United States; or to make, or to have in possession, any plate in the similitude of any national security or obligation, including fractional currency, for any purpose whatever. So you will see that a guilty intent is not necessary to constitute the offense."

The foreman looks wise after these words of the attorney, and subdues any expression of surprise (though he is awfully surprised) that a man may commit felony and not know it or mean it.

The "professionals" nod their heads, as if prepared for anything.

The rest of the jury puff their cigars, or pare their nails, or whittle, or kill time in some equally harmless way.

"Call Martin Tyndal," the foreman says to the bailiff inside the door.

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Martin Tyndal is brought in, and proves to be our friend of the Secret Service. The jurymen, not knowing who he is, admire his stalwart frame, and await his revelations.

"Be sworn," says the foreman. The captain takes the oath.

"What is your name, residence and occupation?"

"Martin Tyndal; I live at St. Louis at present, and am in the service of the government."

His loud, clear-cut, sonorous reply excites the admiration of the jurors, except the professionals; they know the captain, and that his presence means trouble for some one.

"Do you know Seth Adams?" inquired the foreman.

"I do; have known him several years."

"Did you find a counterfeit fifty-cent plate in his possession?"

"Yes, sir."

"When?"

"Within a month."

"Where?" (This particular foreman is a model of his kind. He drives straight to the point in the fewest words.)

"At the Planters House, in this city."

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"Tell us all about it, if you please."

The captain relates his visit to Captain Adams' room with the hotel clerk, his finding the plate and taking an impression from it in tin-foil, etc. The clerk, who is writing down the testimony, stops the captain's vehemence occasionally, so that he may get down his words.

"What became of the plate?" asks the foreman.

"I left it in Captain Adams' room, just as I found it."

"What became of the tin-foil impression you spoke of?"

"I have it here, sir," replies the captain, as he takes it from his pocketbook and hands it to the foreman.

The whole jury leave their seats and crowd around the foreman to get a sight of the bit of tin-foil. The captain takes a half-dollar note and a microscope from his pocket, hands them to the foreman, and says:

"Compare the lines on the note with the lines on the plate: it is a perfect copy."

"One corner of the plate is missing," says a juror.

"No odds," says another, who means to be a

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lawyer some day; "it's an offense, all the same, to counterfeit part of a note."

"Why did you leave the plate in the counterfeiter's room?" asks an old gray-haired juror.

"To give him time to finish the plate, sir," replies the witness.

"Is that all you know about the case?" inquires the foreman.

"Yes, sir; that's all," replies the witness.

"Gentlemen of the grand jury, do any of you wish to question this witness?" inquires the foreman, looking down the table.

A modest old man, who has not before been on any jury, and who is so constituted as to believe that a man should not be compelled to stand trial for felony who is not even charged with intentional wrong, ventures to inquire:

"Had you any other proof that the accused gentleman had that plate in his possession, more than that you found it in his room, and during his absence?"

"The witness hesitates; a very unusual thing for him to do. At length he answers:

"I think I have, sir; but I can not state it now, because it will interfere with the ends of justice in some other cases."

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The clerk has written down all these questions and answers, and he reads them to the witness. The witness puts his name to the paper, and the foreman tells him he may retire.

Then the foreman calls for the only other witness,—Thomas Pendleton, clerk at the Planters House,—who is sworn, and corroborates Captain Tyndal's evidence as to the finding of the electrotype-plate in the room of Captain Adams.

The foreman takes the vote of the jurymen: "Is this bill a true bill?" And all vote in the affirmative, except the modest old man who asked the foolish question.

The foreman indorses on the paper the words: "A true bill," and the job is done. It needs only that the district attorney shall draw up the indictment in due form, and a man innocent of any evil intention, and of anything evil in fact, is put upon his trial for felony!

On the evening when Captain Adams had been arrested, a newspaper reporter, ever on his watch, had gone to the commissioner's office in search of an item. He found it in Captain Adams' arrest and being bound over to await the action of the grand jury on the charge of counterfeiting. And the first person at The Hermitage to read that

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item next morning was Miss Genevieve Cauldwell. She was as if thunder struck. But she took the paper into the library, and, showing the item to Dr. Chartervale, asked him what it could mean.

"It means," replied the doctor, "that my friend Adams has been imprudent. I told him how I thought he might multiply printed copies of some small engraved plans; he tried the experiment to learn how it would work on a postal half-dollar. It succeeded, but too well. Without telling me at the time, he took it to his room (for he did the work in my laboratory), and left it on his table. The chamber-maid, or some one else, informed the government detective, and his room was searched, the plate found, and he was arrested and charged with counterfeiting."

"They can not punish him, can they, doctor? He showed me the plate, told me how he made it and why, and called my attention to a corner of the note which he had cut off to render the plate imperfect and avoid the possibility of mischief if it should ever fall into dishonest hands."

"Yes, he told me he had shown it to you, but had forgotten, unfortunately, to show it to me. My testimony would, perhaps, have been important."

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"Why did he not summon me?"

"I spoke of that; but he declared that he would rather risk an unjust conviction than to subject you to such humiliation as to call you as a witness in a public court."

"Why! I would testify, if need be, in behalf of the meanest negro, to save him from unjust punishment. Surely it will be no humiliation to go into court for a friend whom I esteem."

"I hardly think they can even find an indictment. The district attorney must know that no conviction can be obtained on such slight ground as this."

Ten days later Genevieve received the following characteristic letter from her brother in Mississippi:

MY DEAR SISTER VIEVE: Some one at St. Louis has sent me the inclosed note, informing me of the arrest of our Yankee captain for counterfeiting. I am now more than ever glad that I did not reply to the fellow's letter concerning you.

But I am not quite able to understand the animus of this inclosed letter. It has no signature, as you will see, but is evidently written by some one who knows me and you, as well as the man Adams, and I do not doubt that the note is written in your best interest, and by some friend of yours. At any rate, the fact which it announces does not surprise me, and we should congratulate ourselves

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that the captain is now likely to receive promotion, and have another opportunity to serve "the most forbearing government under the sun" (!) in the penitentiary.

Let me hear the result, Vieve, and excuse this brief note, as I am very busy.

Your brother, M. CAULDWELL.

To say that Genevieve was astounded at this letter would be mild. Her face burned with indignation. A host of conflicting emotions were aroused. Who had written that anonymous note to deepen the unjust prejudice of her brother against Captain Adams? Who could have any interest in interfering against Captain Adams in her brother's estimate of his character? Was the note really intended to injure the captain, or was it not rather intended to increase the obstacles between him and herself? Of one thing she was sure: it was not meant to be, as her brother supposed, in her interest, and it was not written by any friend of hers. For a moment she suspected Jane Waterbury of its authorship. She was not unaware that Jane had been strangely smitten with love at first sight on meeting Captain Adams, but she also felt assured that Jane was struggling to suppress her infatuation with maiden modesty, and was too honorable to write anonymous notes

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which might affect the relations of Captain Adams with another.

Genevieve opened and scrutinized the note inclosed in her brother's letter. It was addressed to "Colonel Marshall Caldwell"—spelled without the *u*. Jane Waterbury would not make that mistake. It was in a somewhat disguised hand, and evidently a woman's. But it was not Jane Waterbury's hand; Genevieve knew her writing too well to be mistaken. Then, who could the writer be? She gave it up for the present. She could not even decide whether the note was the offspring of malice or jealousy, or only of a marplot love of mischief. She could only wait events, trusting to know more hereafter.

On the very next morning the daily papers announced the return into court of an indictment against Captain Adams for felony, in "having unlawfully made and retained in his possession an electrotype plate of a United States fifty cents postal note." When Genevieve saw that announcement she was still more surprised. Could it be possible that a man was to be put upon trial for felony who had only made a simple experiment in electrotype copying, with no evil intent, with no secrecy, and in ignorance of the fact that

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the act was unlawful! Surely no government would go to such extremes as that, especially with an honorable gentleman so well known as Captain Adams. At any rate, she felt confident that her testimony as to the purpose for which the plate had been made—her knowledge of the captain's want of any thought that he was violating the law—would secure his acquital; and she expected, as a matter of course, that she would be called as a witness in his defense. It was not a pleasant thought that she should appear in open court, where she had never been, and where she must be compelled to recite what had passed between herself and Captain Adams in the laboratory at The Hermitage on that memorable Sunday afternoon; but stern duty demanded the sacrifice, and she was ready to answer a subpœna.

Days passed, and no subpœna came. Could it be possible that Captain Adams, out of a delicate regard for her feelings, would still persist in risking a trial without requesting her presence as a witness? She appreciated his forbearance, but such self-denial would be madness, and she at once determined to ascertain the day of trial, wait for a subpœna until the last moment, and then, if it

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came not, to volunteer and go upon the witness stand. She would do the same for any innocent person under the same circumstances, she said to herself; it would not be any compromise of her dignity nor her proper womanly modesty, it would simply be an act of justice, which she would be ashamed to neglect under any circumstances.

She went to Dr. Chartervale and asked him if he could tell her when Captain Adams' trial was to occur. Yes, he could; it was to take place on the day after the morrow.

"And I have not been subpœnaed, Doctor; what does that mean?"

"It means that he has decided to spare you the necessity of going into court in his behalf."

"Why—he is mad. Does he think I am a child?"

"He thinks you are a delicate young lady, who should not be subjected to the rude cross-questioning of the district attorney in a crowded court-house."

"Who is the district attorney, Doctor?"

The tone in which Genevieve made this inquiry startled the doctor. He looked into her face and found it all aglow. Some strong purpose was working in her expressive face. He hesitated.

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He knew her strong will and resolute purpose, and cautious and prudent as he knew her to be, he feared she was contemplating some step his calmer judgment might not approve.

"Genevieve," said he, "Captain Adams himself went to the district attorney yesterday and gave up to him the very plate which he stands charged with having made and unlawfully had in his possession. He called the attorney's attention to the missing corner, and told why it had been cut off from the fractional note, and acknowledged all the facts charged in the indictment, and pleaded his entire ignorance of its being unlawful."

"Well?" said Genevieve.

"Well—the attorney told him those facts would be for the consideration of the court."

That ended the conversation. But Genevieve's resolution was taken; she would call upon the district attorney next day and proffer her testimony in behalf of an innocent man.

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CHAPTER XIV.

JUSTICE GAINS A VICTORY—A MANLY LETTER, AND THE HAPPINESS IT BROUGHT.

WHEN Henry Waterbury had signed the stipulation by which he was to return to his brother's widow and daughter the thousands out of which they had been wrongfully kept for so many years, and had in open court consented to the judgment and decree by which he took the first step to right a great wrong, he returned to his little Yankee wife at Nonabel relieved of a burden which had weighed upon him for years. He had always felt a lingering suspicion that he had done a great wrong; and it had never put him quite at ease to know that not a shadow of proof had heretofore been presented that the claim of the woman who assumed to be his brother's widow was founded in truth. He had very naturally reasoned that in the very nature of things his brother's marriage (if it had ever occurred), the subsequent birth of a child in

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a foreign land, and the return of himself and family to the United States, as claimed by Mrs. Jane Waterbury in his presence after the war, must have left some legal proofs behind to establish the facts. He was an experienced lawyer, familiar with the rules of evidence; and as none whatever could be found but the assertion of the woman claiming to be his widow, he had decided that his duty as well as his interest demanded that he should not admit the claim. All this his judgment approved; but still his conscience had never been quite easy. Nancy Waterbury, however, his righteous wife, was governed less by the rigid processes of reason than by those impulses of the heart which so seldom err in detecting truth and honesty when brought face to face with their fervid manifestation. She had seen the lady from Mississippi on her first visit to Nonabel, and was present at her interview with Mr. Waterbury; she had seen her indignation when rejected and compelled to listen to his intimation of fraud and crafty shame seeking to hide itself in fraud, and had witnessed her agonized look of sorrow when she had been turned away, and she had from that moment accepted the poor woman's story as the truth. She had even induced

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her husband to have careful investigation made at the State Department in Washington, and through that of the ambassadorial records of Paris, for proofs in the woman's behalf. But they could only ascertain that Mr. Faulkner, the American Minister, had left the records at Paris in such inextricable confusion that nothing whatever could be learned from them. But she was never convinced, and it made her very unhappy. Now, when her husband returned from Cincinnati and told her what had been done, she was happy. Her little bright eyes fairly sparkled. "And now," said she to her husband, "that we have been permitted to do justice before we die, let us do it with cheerful hearts. We have enough and to spare without the property of poor John. We will move at once into our house on the hill,—it will be empty in a week,—and I will have this all ready for its lawful owners by the time they are ready to occupy it. You can transfer the moneys and stocks to her when she arrives; and the good God will bless us all the more for righting a great wrong which we did in our blindness. Won't it be a happy day!

"And now, my dear husband, sit down and

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write a letter to Mrs. Waterbury, such as *you* would wish written to *me*, were I in her place."

Henry Waterbury was not quite so enthusiastic as his noble wife, but he wrote the letter. It was long, full of self-justification, but a model letter withal, and the reader has a right to see it in full:

MY DEAR MADAM: I have written your brother and attorney as to the suit in which he has acted for you, stating that judgment and decree by confession had been entered up in court in your behalf, and by which you will be restored to all your rights of property, etc.

But who shall restore to you and your daughter (and my niece, as I no longer doubt) the years of sorrowful waiting for justice? Not I—more's the pity; for I can not. But all that lies in my power to right the great wrong—ignorantly committed on my part—I am ready to do.

Be good enough to consider the circumstances in which I was placed.

We had just come out of a dreadful war. Brethren had not only risen to destroy each other, but to malign, abuse and misunderstand each other. We of the North had come to look on the Southern people as traitors and rebels, wantonly seeking the wreck of our fair fabric of government for the sole purpose of riveting the chains still stronger on the poor slave. These feelings were intensified by the war itself. Each of us, as of you, had lost a brother, or a husband, or a son, in the deadly struggle; until each had come to feel that to utterly destroy the other would be doing God service. We of

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the North had not yet stopped to consider that the Southern people had been driven by the very destiny of events into either separation and a rival government, or the overthrow of all organized society among you ; that, from the very nature of your surroundings, you must have believed yourselves in the right and us in the wrong ; that the slave system had become the underlying bond of unity in all your social organism, from which you could not escape if you would—in short, that you were as conscientious in the support of your cause as we in ours.

In that state of morbid irritability against our late antagonists you came to me at the close of the war, making claims of which I had no previous knowledge, and which appeared to me unfounded and fraudulent. You know the rest but too well : I rejected your unproven claim and turned you away as an impostor.

But more than twelve years have passed since the close of that bloody struggle, and I, with a large body of the Northern people, have come to look upon that contest with different feelings. For myself—abolitionist as I was—I now see that abolitionism did not abolish slavery, but that it went out, in the fullness of time, to its inevitable end ; that the fortune of birth, education, social environment, and personal self-interest, determined upon which side each should battle ; that the questions at issue between brethren were so momentous that only war could decide the inevitable conflict ; and that now both parties should again unite as brethren in building up the waste places, cementing the whole people into a loving brotherhood—equal in honor, in glory, and in the blessings and protection of a benignant government. These are the true sentiments of my heart to-day.

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Be assured, dear madam, we shall receive you at Nonabel with a cordial welcome. Come and make your home among us: we will strive to make amends for all the past.

My little wife bids me say, in closing, that she *always* believed in you, and that she will have your own house all ready for your reception.

I am, very truly, yours,

HENRY WATERBURY.

P. S.—I inclose draft for $1,000 for immediate expenses. W.

When Mrs. Waterbury had read this long letter, had cried for joy over it, and pondered for an hour the great change which was about to come upon her own and her daughter's fortunes, she was too full for words. And when her brother came in and asked to see the letter, she silently handed it to him, with a face beaming with happiness.

Could it be possible! Could it indeed be true! After all these years of poverty and dependence, of questionable reputation, always under a cloud, of hope deferred and feelings outraged and rights denied, she was now to be restored to her dead husband's estate and the honor of his name. It was almost overwhelming.

But her brother had now read the "Yankee abolitionist's" letter through.

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"This is all very well, Jane," said Mr. Langdon; "but it is all gammon."

"What is all gammon?" inquired the sister, who was too happy over the contents of the letter to search for unworthy motives in its author.

"The whole letter," replied Mr. Langdon; "there's nothing honest about it."

"Isn't this an honest draft; is it not good for a thousand dollars?"

"That is *your* money—not his. He makes a virtue of necessity. The proof in your behalf is overwhelming, and he can not help himself."

"He yields at least like a gentleman."

"That is all Yankee hypocrisy."

"But why should he have written the letter at all?"

"Merely to curry favor."

"With me?"

"With the Southern people. Now that the Yankees have, as they suppose, gotten us under their thumbs, they are very sorry they made war upon us, and pretend it came of 'the imperious logic of events.' They want us to prosper, so they may fatten off our prosperity."

"Well, for my part, brother, I have suffered too much and too long to cavil with the man who

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offers me now something more than justice. I shall accept whatever of good-will he and that wife, who he declared always believed in me, may offer. Of course you will accompany me to Nonabel and see me established in my new home. I shall make all haste to get ready, and I feel that at least the little black-eyed woman (whom I well remember) and I will be friends. I thought then she believed me, and I am happy now to know it."

"Well, well, Jane, I trust you may be happy with those folks. But I will wait before expressing my opinion."

The next thing was to write to the daughter at St. Louis. No mother ever performed a more delightful labor. "All our weary days of waiting are over; our good name is vindicated; we can hold our heads up before the world; you will be happy, and I shall be happy in seeing you so," she wrote. And then she showered blessings on the head of her dear friend, Mrs. Chartervale, who, despite her own bereavement, remembered so well the facts upon which had depended all this unexpected good fortune. And her letter concluded by telling her daughter that as soon as she could arrange for her reception she was to

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come to her new home at Nonâbel, and abandon Monticello for an equally good school among her new friends in Ohio. Mother and daughter had already been too long separated, and thenceforth they should be together.

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CHAPTER XV.

SOME MISSISSIPPIANS—MR. LANGDON TAKES THE FIRST STEP TOWARD RECONCILIATION.

WHEN Mr. Langdon went to his office he found several persons sitting under the shade of the China tree at the door, smoking, whittling, and otherwise whiling away the warm afternoon. He could not refrain from telling some of them of the good fortune which had befallen his sister. Then he read some portions of Mr. Waterbury's conciliatory letter, winding up by asking: "What do you think of that?"

"He lies!" replied a gray-headed old man in a broad-brimmed slouch hat, removing his pipe and pushing down the ashes with his finger. "I say he lies if he says the people up thar feel as he pretends to feel 'bout the wa'. It was a' abolition wa' got up to free the niggers."

"That's so!" responded several others.

"An' the Democrats—most of 'em—j'ined the abolition Republicans agin' us," continued the

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first speaker. "Didn't Douglas and nearly all the Douglas men go over to Lincoln's side? If they wasn't abolitionists, what made 'em do that? They could never have beat the South to all eternity if the Douglas men had stood out."

"But that Ohio man is right, I reckon, in one thing," said a second speaker. "The wa' had got to come sometime. And what I blame our fellers for is firin' the first gun at Sumter, and so rousin' up every Yankee from Maine to Californy."

"That's so, too," responded the company; but one of them, a comparatively young man, who had served in both armies, and who now hobbled around on a wooden leg, ventured to say that Western men were not real Yankees; he had seen a good deal of them, and he knew that at first, at least, not many of them were abolitionists.

"How did it happen, Bill," inquired the old man first mentioned, "that you served in both armies?"

"Oh, I was up in Ohio, and got a big bounty, and first chance I got I came over to my old side. But I never seed any difference betwixt Western soldiers and our Southern boys, 'cept one wo' blue an' the other gray—an' they didn't all do that at fust, for I seen lots o' Western soldiers

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dressed in gray uniforms; and when the South took up with the gray the North fell back on the blue. But I tell you what 'tis—you hav'n't been up thar, and don't know the people, only as you h'yer our people talk 'bout 'em, and don't know nothin' 'bout it. They are jest as good, jest as brave, fight jest as well, and will divide rations with a feller jest as quick as we boys. My 'pinion is it's 'bout time for North and South to shake hands. An' I think the man that wrote that letter tells the truth. All the North cares for is bizness, and they like the Southern people jest as well as if thar had never bin no war."

"And a good deal better! I suspect," said Mr. Langdon, "some of these days we shall be reconciled and be friends again, perhaps; and it goes against the grain, doesn't it, Ned?"

This man addressed as Ned was once a dealer in slaves, and had amassed considerable wealth in the trade, though he never himself entered directly into the business, but worked through subordinates. He was a man six feet high, with stout bull-neck and an immense jaw. He had lost nearly everything by the war. His name was Richison.

"I'll never be reconciled till the day of judg-

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ment!" replied Richison. "I knew Abe Lincoln in Illinois, fo' he ever thought o' bein' President; and I never did like the old abolitionist."

"Oh, no, Richison," interposed Mr. Langdon; "Lincoln was not—politically, at least—what you might call an abolitionist, whatever else he may have been."

"How in thunder do you make that out?" inquired Richison.

"I'll show you how I make it out," responded Mr. Langdon, as he stepped inside and brought from his book-case "Raymond's Life and State Papers of Lincoln." "Here," said he, as he read, "listen to this; it is Lincoln's reply to Horace Greeley, who had charged him, in the *Tribune*, with refusing to at once decree the abolition of slavery:

"'I would save the Union; I would save it in the shortest way under the Constitution. The sooner the national authority can be restored, the nearer the Union will be the Union as it was.

"'If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time save slavery, I do not agree with them.

"'If there be those who would not save the Union unless they could at the same time destroy

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slavery, I do not agree with them. *My paramount object is to save the Union.*

"'If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that.

"'What I do about the colored race I do because I believe it helps to save this Union, and what I forbear I forbear because I do not believe it would help to save the Union.

"'I shall do less whenever I believe what I am doing hurts the cause, and I shall do more whenever I believe doing more will help the cause.

* * * * * * *

"'I have here stated my purpose according to my views of official duty, and I intend no modification of my oft-expressed personal wish that all men everywhere could be free.'"

"Well," said Richison, after the reading was ended, "that closing remark sounds very much like abolitionism. What's the difference?"

"The difference, as I understand it," replied Mr. Langdon, "is that he was against slavery, but would not disregard the Constitution to abolish it; whereas the abolitionists would abolish

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it even at the cost of disruption of the Union and overthrow of the Constitution. Don't you see the difference?"

And so ended the conversation. But when Mr. Langdon went into his office the effort he had unintentionally made in defense of President Lincoln on one point set him to thinking whether he might not bear as good a defense upon many others. When he got through thinking about the matter, he had advanced one step toward reconciliation with the North. Perhaps his sister's good fortune had some share in this slight advancement.

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CHAPTER XVI.

A Modest Heroine—Genevieve Carries the Day with the District Attorney—Miss Waterbury Creates a Sensation at The Hermitage—An Anonymous Note—Genevieve Recognizes the Work of an Enemy.

On the afternoon before the day which had been set for the trial of Captain Adams, Genevieve Cauldwell left The Hermitage on foot, without speaking of her destination or design to any one; she walked to Tower Grove Park, took a carriage there, and told the driver to go to the United States attorney's office in the city by the shortest route. Nobody saw her leave The Hermitage but Miss Tyndal, who looked curiously after her, and made a mental note of her departure. Arrived at the district attorney's office, Genevieve, finding the door open, walked in, asked for that officer (who answered her inquiry), and handed him a card:

Miss Genevieve Cauldwell,

With Dr. Chartervale. The Hermitage.

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The attorney gave her a quick, scrutinizing glance, saw that she wished to confer with him, and showed her to a chair in his consultation room, while he carefully read her card, and in a respectful manner took another chair near her. He was a keen, quick-witted man, accustomed to conference with all sorts of people, and knew at once that his visitor was a lady—young, handsome, inexperienced, and unaccustomed to courts and attorneys, but at the same time cool, composed, and confident of herself and resolute in her object, whatever that might prove to be.

"What can I do for you, Miss Cauldwell?" said the attorney, by way of an opening.

"Captain Adams is to be tried for counterfeiting to-morrow, I learn."

"Yes, if we can reach the case. It is set for to-morrow."

"I have ventured, under a strong sense of justice, to offer myself as a witness on that trial."

This was said by Genevieve in a low tone, but still with firmness.

"In behalf of the government?" inquired the attorney.

"In behalf of the truth, sir. I suppose your government wants nothing but the truth?"

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The attorney was somewhat at fault.

"Well, yes, the government certainly desires to get at the truth,—and the whole truth."

"Well, sir," replied Genevieve, "part of the truth in this case—a very important part—is known to no one but me."

"Will what you know assist the government in making out its case?"

"Do you mean, sir, in convicting an innocent man? No, sir. Had I supposed it could have that effect I should have remained silent."

"I think, then, Miss, you have made a mistake. Your evidence is for the defendant, and you should have called upon Captain Adams' attorney. Why have you not been subpœnaed on behalf of the defendant?"

"Solely because of what appears to me an unnecessary regard for what he supposes would be my repugnance to go as a witness into open court. It would be, indeed, a most unpleasant duty, but a duty nevertheless. But in my ignorance I supposed that your government would accept the truth from any quarter. Or are your laws intended to punish all, innocent and guilty alike?"

By this time Miss Cauldwell was well warmed

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up; her face was flushed, her blood heated, her eyes opened wide and sparkling, and her full, mellow voice was marked by strong emphasis. The district attorney smiled, then begged her pardon for doing so, and then said, deprecatingly:

"This is not only my government—let us be thankful—but yours also. I do not make the laws, but it is my duty to prosecute and if possible to convict all who violate them. Will you pardon me if I advise that you still call upon Captain Adams' attorney and confer with him?"

"I thank you, sir. But I think I can serve the cause of justice better with you—now I am here. May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly—most certainly."

"Would you convict and send Captain Adams to the penitentiary if you knew that he made the electrotye for which he is indicted as an experiment proper to his own profession; that a mere accident led him to use a fifty-cent note for that purpose; that he cut off a corner of that note to prevent wrong if it should fall into dishonest hands; and that he showed the plate to me as he took it from the battery, and stated all those facts?"

"Why, my dear Miss, it is just as much felony

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under the law to make a plate of part of a note as of a whole one; and the felony does not consist in any degree in the motive or in any fraudulent intent, but in *making or possessing the whole or any part of such plate.*"

"And you will ruin an innocent man and send him to a felon's cell under the circumstances which I have named? No, sir, this is *not* my government—I denounce it! And I bid you good evening."

As she rose to leave, the attorney rose also, and in a conciliatory tone said that she had assumed too much; he had not quite said that he would insist upon a conviction under such circumstances, adding that he hoped she would wait before denouncing the government, which never willingly punished the really innocent. He said these last words in such a tone and with such an expression that Genevieve stopped for an instant, looked into his face, was encouraged, and said:

"I have sought this interview of my own motion, without consultation with any one. Please keep my secret."

"Certainly, Miss," replied the attorney; and Genevieve went out, and returned to The Hermitage as she had come.

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The evening paper of the next day contained the following paragraph in the notice of proceedings in the United States District Court:

In the case of the United States *vs.* Seth Adams, for counterfeiting, the district attorney informed the court that he was satisfied, from evidence which had come into his possession, that though Captain Adams was no doubt technically guilty, he did not suppose that any jury would be found to convict him; and he asked leave to enter a *nolle pros.* and dismiss the case. It was accordingly so done. And it is whispered that certain testimony offered to him by a certain very prepossessing young lady witness had something to do with this bit of good fortune to the gallant captain.

Late that evening Miss Cauldwell and Miss Waterbury were sitting, with Miss Tyndal, in the room of Mrs. Chartervale. Genevieve sat near a window engaged in finishing up a pencil sketch, while Jane was looking over the evening paper which had just come in. A moment later Miss Tyndal saw Miss Waterbury drop the paper upon her lap, while her hands remained in a fixed position, as if still holding the paper; then she saw her head fall back in the rocking chair in which she sat, and her face grow deathly pale. "Miss Genevieve!" she called in a low tone, but loud enough to be heard, and on getting her attention,

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she nodded very significantly toward Miss Waterbury. Genevieve rose instantly, and went to her. She found her eyes closed, her body rigid, and her hands still outheld above the paper.

"Jane!" exclaimed Genevieve; "Jane Waterbury! are you sick?"

There was no response, nor change of position.

"Please call Dr. Chartervale—quick," she said to Miss Tyndal.

When the doctor came in, which was almost instantly, Jane was still motionless, and breathing in a slow, labored manner, as if there were some obstruction.

He picked her up as if she were but a child, and laid her upon a sofa.

"Loosen her stays, Genevieve—cut the cord—don't wait to unloose it. Hand the ammonia bottle off the stand yonder, Miss Tyndal;—don't force her hands down (to Genevieve)—rub them." Then pouring a little ammonia into his hand, the doctor held it close to the sufferer's face with one hand, while he felt the pulse at the wrist with the other. The ammonia induced a heavy, long-drawn sigh, but the breathing was obstructed and the eyes closed, while the face suffered slight spasmodic twitches.

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"Is the corset loose, Genevieve?" he asked; "there is either compression of the lungs or stricture of the glottis;—probably the latter, I should judge."

"Her clothing is wholly loosened," replied Genevieve; "it was not tight at first."

After ten or twelve minutes, there being no improvement, Jane was carried across the hall to her own room and put to bed, where the doctor scrutinized her very closely. He became satisfied that she was suffering from some form of hysteria, but of this he said nothing, owing to his knowledge of the foolish prejudice which prevails against that form of disease.

Genevieve was greatly disturbed, and her face showed the deepest anxiety, though she said but little, except to inquire if the poor girl's condition was dangerous.

"I think there is little present danger," replied the doctor, "though she may remain some hours in this condition. I will go down to the dispensary and return directly, and I must leave you, Genevieve, to watch by her till I return. You need do nothing, unless she recovers sufficiently to be conscious; if she does, and asks for water, let her have it."

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During the doctor's absence Jane lay motionless and pale as death. The eyes twitched, but remained closed. The face was calm, except slight contractions about the mouth. The respiration, still slow, regular, and obstructed by stricture of the glottis, was occasionally interrupted by a long-drawn sigh.

When the doctor returned he found no change; and when he offered her medicine, and put the spoon between her lips, she swallowed mechanically, in a semi-conscious state, but uttered no word and kept her eyes closed.

At bed-time there was no apparent improvement.

"I will watch by her, Genevieve," said the doctor. "Lie down, if you choose, upon the sofa in this room, and I will call you if needed."

"Oh, no, Doctor! I could not sleep; I will sit by Jane until she is better, and will call you if needed. Leave me full directions; I am a good nurse, and I love to watch with the sick. Besides, Jane would never leave *me* under such circumstances—never!"

"She will never see you under just such circumstances," replied the doctor, with a significant smile. "Your temperament is sterner stuff."

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Genevieve was almost shocked to see Dr. Chartervale smile in such a presence, but she took it as a favorable omen. Surely he would not do that did he not feel very confident of Jane's recovery.

So Genevieve was the watcher for the night at the bedside of her friend; and never was watcher so devoted. It was a labor of love, that brought into play all the kindlier elements of her character. For with great firmness, decision, will and fixity of purpose were in her combined, in most harmonious proportion, sympathy, kindness, and unselfish devotion to the happiness of others. And when these noble traits were aroused in behalf of a dear friend, no sacrifice was too great; to serve others was in itself the chiefest pleasure. But now, in this strange sickness of her dearest friend and confidant, there was an element of mystery which gave it peculiar interest. She had at one time suspected that Jane's susceptible nature had been strangely impressed on first sight of Captain Adams, and that her feelings toward him had been strongly intensified on their second meeting, but she had recently come to feel that, whatever might have been the case at first, Jane had now subdued her love and cast it aside.

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Indeed, she had measured her friend by her own great power of self-control, and had not been able to appreciate that delicacy of nervous organization and almost morbid excitability of temperament which governed the emotional nature of Jane Waterbury. She was not aware of the close relationship that exists between strong emotions and excessive nervous disturbance, and was little able to consider how the great master passion of personal love was able, in certain peculiarities of organization in members of her own sex, to draw all the vital functions into a morbid condition. Dr. Chartervale already had a suspicion of the real basis of his patient's attack, which he became confirmed in afterward. But Genevieve saw nothing of all this. Her own strong nature was only roused to greater strength by sudden emergency; and for seven hours she watched at her companion's bedside, her vigilance never flagging for a moment.

Toward daylight the patient's breathing became more gentle and natural, and she appeared to pass into a disturbed slumber, marked with muttering in a very low tone, and heavy sighing at intervals. At one time she seemed to utter distinct words; and Genevieve, leaning over her, heard

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her say: "That grand old man!—Noble son; noble father!"

By daybreak the sleep had become quite natural, and Genevieve stole quietly out to notify Dr. Chartervale.

He did not appear surprised—he had expected it, in fact. But he instructed Genevieve to make no allusions whatever to the attack through which Miss Jane had passed, in her presence—neither then nor at any future time.

At breakfast time Jane sent down word that she had not rested well, and would not come down—unaware, apparently, of all which had happened. So, thenceforth, no further notice was taken of this strange visitation, and neither Jane herself nor any one in her presence made the least allusion to it. None, indeed, but Miss Tyndal knew the provoking as well as the primary cause of Jane Waterbury's strange attack. Immediately after Jane had been carried from the room, Miss Tyndal, who saw the newspaper fall from her hands, and who knew she had just been reading it, sought the cause of the attack in the paper itself. She soon found the notice of Captain Adams' acquittal, and the reference to Genevieve (whom she had seen leave alone for the city on

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the day before), and she jumped, with womanly intuition, to the conclusion that the paper and the sudden attack were related as cause and effect. But she had her reasons for not wishing that others should possess the same knowledge. And so, after clipping out the paragraph which had done the mischief, and putting it into her note-book, she hid the paper away, trusting that it would not be asked for.

And it may as well be stated here as afterward, that a week later Genevieve received the following brief and emphatic letter from her brother, Colonel Cauldwell:

MY DEAR SISTER GENEVIEVE: This morning I received the inclosed newspaper slip and the accompanying note, in the same handwriting as a former one, and, like that, unsigned.

What does it all mean? I fear I have mistaken my sister, and should have her nearer to me.

Better come home, I think; but write me at once.

Your brother and guardian,

M. CAULDWELL.

The inclosed newspaper slip was the paragraph announcing the acquittal of Captain Adams, and the accompanying note was this:

COL. CALDWELL: Captain Adams, whose acquittal is noticed in the slip I send, you know, or know of; but you may not know that the "prepossessing young lady"

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mentioned, is your sister, Genevieve Caldwell. But the friend who sends you this, happens to have that knowledge, and believes you should have it also.

Genevieve was startled by the reading of this out of her usual self-control. She left the company with the open letter in her hand, went to her own room, and, locking the door, walked the floor in silent anger. Who was the demon who was making all this mischief? She knew it could not be Jane Waterbury; *who could it be?* She thought she did not care that her brother should know all this; her own sense of propriety justified her conduct, and she was prepared to justify herself to him when necessary. But she was not prepared to have her acts—which she believed unknown to any but the district attorney—made the basis of newspaper notoriety, and much less was she willing that Captain Adams should know of her unsolicited interference in his behalf. Had the attorney betrayed her? No; she could not believe that. Some prying newspaper reporter had seen her enter the inner office, and had guessed at the rest. Could the attorney have written to her brother? No; that was not to be thought of. And so she gave it up for the present, and, after she became calm, returned to her friends below as if nothing had happened.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE HAPPY REUNION OF THE WATERBURYS AT NONABEL—AN EVENTFUL SUNDAY—TWO SERMONS, AND WHAT CAME OF THEM.

WHEN Mr. Langdon and Mrs. Waterbury arrived at Nonabel by the Cincinnati train,—from which city they had notified Mr. Waterbury of their approach,—they found that gentleman awaiting them at the railway station. He recognized the new comers without difficulty, and after seating them and himself in a light carriage behind a lively team, he broke the rather embarrassing silence by saying:

"This is your own carriage and horses, Madam. I hope you will enjoy your first use of them."

"I certainly shall," was the reply—"if the horses do not run away."

"Oh, nothing belonging to you ever ran away," replied Mr. Waterbury. "I trust you found my schedule satisfactory?"—to Mr. Langdon.

"Most satisfactory, sir; I am happy in the

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belief that nothing of my sister's has run away. And if she has had to suffer a grievous delay, I am satisfied that at least her estate has not suffered."

This statement evidently gave much satisfaction to Mr. Waterbury, who prided himself not a little upon his probity and thrifty business habits.

"Thank you," replied he; "for that much I think I am entitled to credit. But in being conscious of the real truth by intuition, my little wife deserves all credit; and she will welcome you like a sister,"—to Mrs. Waterbury. And then to Mr. Langdon: "You are a lawyer, sir, and know the importance of testimony."

"Certainly; I appreciate your position as to your brother's estate. But my sister has suffered most in wounded sensibilities, touching her reputation."

"I lament that, sir, beg her pardon, and hope to make all possible amends for any avoidable wrong on my part. But you also know—as a lawyer—that by the evidence or want of evidence the estate and the previous marriage were inseparably connected.

"Ah! there is *my* Mrs. Waterbury at the door to receive us. Bless her Calvinistic heart! She

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is better than her creed, and extends her love to all, regardless of any question of 'election.'"

By this time the carriage was approaching an arched gateway entering into a delightful, tree-shaded lawn, in front of the fine residence which was thenceforth to become that of Mrs. Jane Langdon Waterbury and her daughter.

It need not be said that the reception of the new comers on the part of Mrs. Waterbury was most cordial and unpretending.

She was looking for them, recognized her sister-in-law at once, and made a most favorable impression upon Mr. Langdon.

"If this is only acting," thought he, "it is so like the real thing that it will be wisdom to accept it as such."

It was nearly dinner time; and while Mrs. Jane Waterbury changed her attire and made ready for the meal, the two gentlemen strolled about the grounds for a brief survey.

"The Waterbury Place" was well known not only to all in Nonabel, but to all the country round. It had been the home of the Waterburys for two generations, having been built and occupied by the father of the present occupant long before the turnpike road which ran by the arched

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gateway was built. On the old gentleman's death it had passed to the possession of the son who met his fate at Bull Run, and since that event had been occupied by his surviving brother, who preferred it to his own residence, which in the meantime had been rented out.

To that residence Mr. Henry Waterbury now intended to return, and leave the old homestead to his sister-in-law. However, during the afternoon, after mutual consultation, it was decided that for the present, at least, both families should remain where they were, as the house was large enough for both, and as Mrs. Jane Waterbury did not care to be left in the house with no company save that of her daughter.

From the very first the women were friends. There was no embarrassment or restraint between them, and Mrs. Jane Waterbury was so happy with her new surroundings that she was impatient for the arrival of her daughter from St. Louis to share her happiness.

Mrs. Nancy Waterbury was as old-fashioned as her name. Forty years old, small, well proportioned, healthy and vigorous, never idle, never out of humor—a true woman of the old school, whose happy conviction that she had been "elect-

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ed from all eternity to be saved" showed itself at all times in her countenance.

The day was consumed in assigning and arranging the house for the joint occupancy of the two families and in talking over the past.

The next morning was Sunday. The ladies were to go to the Baptist meeting at the old brick meeting-house. Mrs. Jane Waterbury was little accustomed to attend any place of worship—the only one convenient to her Mississippi home having been that of the Protestant Episcopal denomination.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Nancy Waterbury when she learned that fact, "the Episcopals are evangelical and there are some good Christians among them; but we have no Episcopal church here, and I will take you to hear Elder Blodget."

"Is he eloquent?"

"Yes, he has the eloquence of Christ's words—he knows the Bible through and through."

"Is he learned?"

"He is not learned in the world's sense,—he learned to read after he was converted; but he has preached here for twenty years, and his preaching is wonderful!"

"Of course I will go—not only to be with you,

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but to hear some wonderful preaching. I never heard any."

Her companion looked up with a questioning smile, and her little black eyes sparkled as she said:

"I am not quite sure as to what *you* mean; but I mean that it is wonderful to those who are able to receive it."

Mr. Waterbury went to meeting with his wife only when he had no plausible excuse for not going. On this occasion he was to drive over to the colored people's church on the river with Mr. Langdon to give him an opportunity of hearing "the most remarkable black orator in the country." That was the pretext. But the real reason was that he might show "the river farm" (which was now the property of Mrs. Jane Waterbury) without appearing to break the Sabbath.

And at 9 o'clock the two gentlemen started for the drive to the river—four miles away—through a most delightful country. The August sun was pouring its golden beams upon sloping hillsides, well-tilled farms and clumps of forest trees; and pleasant country houses dotted here and there the choicest spots.

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After a drive over the Waterbury farm, and a survey of the buildings, barn, out-houses, orchards and live-stock, the horses' heads were turned toward the river, half a mile away, on the bank of which stood the "colored Baptist meeting-house." This was a small brick structure, built for white people twenty years before, but now used by the colored folks. The house would barely seat two hundred and fifty people when crowded; but now it was too hot weather for that, and there were at least a thousand persons present—black and white—when our visitors arrived. The congregation had, therefore, collected under the trees outside on the river's margin, whence they had a fine view of the stream and the hills upon the opposite side, and the black orator was already well advanced in his discourse, and his fine voice could be heard a long way off.

This "black orator" (as he was called by all) was really black as jet. He had been a slave until freed by the war; had learned to read from his wife afterward, and had a native eloquence wholly original. He was tall, raw-boned, nervous, possessed of a clear, strong voice and a wonderful flow of words. Withal, he was self-possessed,

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and swayed his black hearers with great power and skill.

When the gentlemen from Nonabel drove up he was already well on with his discourse. They were in ignorance of his text, but perceived that his theme was the emancipation of his people, and that he was comparing their long-delayed freedom with that of the Jews in Egypt.

The day was hot, and, with the exception of a group of black-looking clouds above the hills beyond the river, the sky was everywhere unobscured.

When Mr. Waterbury and his friend arrived, the preacher was pointing to a brave old oak which crowned the summit of the highest hill on the opposite side of the river, stretching out his long arm and pointing it out to his audience with his ebony finger.

"When the first colored man was stolen from Africa and brought to America," said he, "that oak tree was growing there! When the Declaration of Independence declared all men equal, and the white folk were freed from England by the Revolutionary wah, God let the oak still grow and the chain still bind the black to the white man!

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"When the old Confederation was made, the oak grow'd on and the po' slave was still kept in bondage.

"When the Constitution prepared liberty for the white man and put a future limit to the African slave trade, God still let the oak grow on, and the African slave trade continued to prosper.

"But the oak can not stand forever, and no more could the tree of slavery.

"God was watching them both. It was the same God that raised up Moses and that freed the Israelites in the fullness of time. And the same God was watching yonder oak upon the hill-top, and he watched the po' slave in the South."

Then he appeared to rouse himself with the stimulus of a new conception.

"Look at that tree!" said he, pointing his long arm and finger toward it. (All eyes were turned toward the oak.) "Look at it! How it lifts its proud head like an old giant! But I tell you," (raising his voice gradually higher), "I tell you that God can send out of that little black cloud a thunder-clap that will dash it to atoms!"

There was a vivid flash—a crashing tree-top—and a peal of roaring thunder, and the upper limbs of the old oak came shattered and torn to

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the ground. There were shrieks from the women, but the preacher was fixed as a statue. He did not withdraw his arm, but kept his upward-pointed finger upon the ruined oak. Then, as the echo died away in the distant hills and his audience became quiet, he withdrew his arm, and, dropping his voice, said in a tone that thrilled his hearers:

"*So* God, by the hand of Abr'am Lincoln, shattered the hoary oak of slavery! Give glory to the God of lightning, who strikes when the hour comes."

Loud cries of "Glory to God" went up from the colored people, and the preacher announced a well-known emancipation hymn, in which the whole congregation joined, until the grand old river-hills re-echoed with praises.

"Come!" said Mr. Langdon; "I wish to carry away with me the impression I have received. Let us return."

And without waiting the conclusion of the discourse, the gentlemen returned to Nonabel, discussing the black orator's eloquence, and eloquence in general, as they went.

Mr. Langdon's sister had had a very different experience from his, in the preaching of the white minister. She had heard a remarkable dis-

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course upon the words: "Therefore hath he mercy on whom he will have mercy, and whom he will he hardeneth."

The subject of the discourse was Paul's justification of the "doctrine of election," and it lasted nearly two hours. Mrs. Nancy Waterbury was delighted, and Mrs. Jane Waterbury was mystified and astonished; and when asked if she did not think the discourse an unanswerable argument, she replied that perhaps it was, but that she preferred a doctrine in which God's infinite mercy did not require such a labored defense.

Then the little Calvinist smiled with a complacency which was happily incapable of doubt as to her creed or herself.

At the dinner table a member of the household, not met before by the Mississippians, was introduced to them. "Professor Adams—Mr. Langdon," said Mrs. Waterbury, "and this lady is another Mrs. Waterbury, Professor."

The new comer bowed politely, took a seat at table, like one at home, and Mr. Waterbury said: "You were not at church to-day, I suspect" (to the gentleman), "as this is your first appearance to-day. Have you just got home?"

"I reached town but ten minutes since, but I

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was at church—or at meeting, at least—at the colored Baptist, on the river, and I heard and saw the most wonderful things."

Mr. Waterbury and Mr. Langdon looked significantly at each other.

"And what was that?" inquired Mr. Waterbury, disposed to hear the professor's account of the black preacher and the thunder-clap from a nearly cloudless sky. But the professor was quick of perception, and saw at once that his questioner had either been present or had heard of the wonderful coincidence.

"Why, were you there? I was so engaged in the discourse and the thunder-clap that I did not observe you."

"And that was my own condition," said Mr. Waterbury. "Mr. Langdon and I were certainly there. But as I see that the ladies are all curiosity to hear what happened, let me beg that you will state the facts, in your own way."

Mr. Adams' face was all aglow in a moment, at the thought of what had happened, and he gave a most impassioned account of the black preacher's discourse and the climax of lightning in the old oak, with an eloquence equal to that of the preacher, though wholly unlike it.

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The dinner was untasted ; the servant waited in surprise, with her happy, black mouth half open ; and all seemed really to have forgotten for what purpose they were seated, until the hostess broke the spell by saying, pleasantly: "Ring down the curtain and let us have dinner now."

The laugh which followed restored forgotten appetite, and the dinner proceeded.

And while that is progressing, let us have a look at Mr. Adams.

Lemuel Adams was tall, of good figure and proportions, blue eyes, fair complexion, and soft, light brown hair, and had one of those sympathetic voices which always arrest attention. His health and constitution were of the best, and his temperament responded to the eloquent, the musical and the beautiful in all its phases.

For five years past he had been principal of the Nonabel Normal School, and for the entire period had made his home at Mr. Waterbury's, where he had become a recognized member of the family.

Though now thirty years old, Mr. Adams had never married, cared little for female society, apparently, and devoted himself to his profession and to study. His room in the Waterbury house

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was a library and an art gallery combined, for he was a musician and a lover of the fine arts. And from his window often came strains of rich vocalization, accompanied by his own harmony from the cottage organ, which he played like an expert.

Mr. Langdon had been almost as much surprised and delighted by Adams' account of the black preacher as he had been on hearing the preacher himself, and on the first opportunity after dinner he took occasion to say so to Mr. Waterbury.

"Yes," said Mr. Waterbury, in response, "Adams is a remarkable man, and good as he is able, and useful as he is good."

"And you say he is an artist and a musician as well as a teacher?—I am surprised. In our country such men never amount to much. Is he temperate?"

"Never drinks a glass of anything that will intoxicate."

"And industrious?"

"Never is idle; unless his devotion to art and music is idleness."

"Does he write poetry?"

"I think not. I never heard that he did so.

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His school and his duties there absorb his whole heart."

"Well, I shall always couple him and the nigger preacher together in my memory—one as a model white and the other as a model black man."

Then the conversation took a business turn, and Mr. Langdon requested Mr. Waterbury to be the general agent for his sister in all her business affairs, which office was accepted readily; and the more so, inasmuch as the request indicated that each had won the confidence of the other. And in the evening, as Mr. Waterbury drove his Mississippi friend to the train by which he was to make his return journey, after an affecting parting with his sister, Mr. Langdon took his hand, and, with a candor very unusual, said: "Waterbury, I am now satisfied there is *one* honest Yankee. I have doubted it before."

Waterbury laughed heartily, and said: "It is but necessary that the Gray and the Blue should become better acquainted to bring about a lasting friendship between them."

And so they parted, friends.

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CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. CHARTERVALE WRITES HER LAST LOVING MESSAGE—A HOUSE OF MOURNING—GENEVIEVE SOLVES A MYSTERY—CAPTAIN ADAMS TAKES A JOURNEY.

AT The Hermitage all was changed, and the sunshine of happiness which had usually brightened all within its walls had turned to sorrow. When Jane Waterbury received and read her mother's jubilant letter announcing the good news which greeted her at Nonabel, and calling her daughter there to participate in the sudden good fortune, she hastened to Mrs. Chartervale's room to communicate the glad tidings to her to whom all this good fortune was due. She met Miss Tyndal at the door with blanched face, exclaiming:

"Please call the doctor instantly, Miss Waterbury! Something dreadful has happened."

Without waiting for explanations, Jane ran to the library—to the conservatory—to the parlor—to the laboratory—calling through the hall, as she

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ran, for Dr. Chartervale. He made no answer, and no one knew where he was. At the foot of the stairs she met Genevieve, and merely saying, in a frightened way: "Go to your cousin, quick!" hastened on in search of the doctor. Genevieve, seeing the terror in Jane's face, went up without a question. The doctor had gone to the city, the gardener said, and a messenger was dispatched for him, or for any doctor that could be found. Miss Tyndal's face had betrayed the necessity for that, and Jane acted from impulse. This attended to, she ran into the house, with her mother's letter still open in her hand, and up into Mrs. Chartervale's room. There she found Genevieve and Miss Tyndal lifting her from her arm-chair, where she had been sitting, onto the bed.

Genevieve answered Jane's look of inquiry:

"She has had a shock, and has lost the use of her lower limbs."

"When?"

"Just now—ten minutes ago. Miss Tyndal saw her fall forward onto the arms of the chair, and ran to her. She could not stand—her limbs were powerless; and then she called you. Why doesn't the doctor hurry?"

"He has gone to the city."

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"We must send for him instantly!"

"I have sent."

"Or any physician who can be found?"

"Yes; I have so instructed."

"You dear, thoughtful girl!" said Genevieve, seeing that all had been done which could be done until a physician came.

Seeing the stricken lady reaching for something, Miss Tyndal pushed the rocking-chair close to the bedside, so as to bring the telegraph-key within reach of her hand. She felt it at once, and with unruffled calmness began to signal. "She says she does not suffer," interpreted Miss Tyndal; "that her limbs are paralyzed; and now she asks for the doctor." At the same time the paralytic held up her hand to receive the reply. Miss Tyndal found that she understood the pencil signals just as well as usual.

Directly she signaled with the key, asking who were present, and requesting to be undressed and put to bed, and before that was fully accomplished the doctor's hurried tread was heard upon the stair. He had been overtaken, and had returned with all speed. All drew back in silence, and the doctor sat upon the bedside and put his hand upon the wrist. His wife knew his familiar touch, and

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a gleam of happy satisfaction lightened her face with an unwonted vividness of expression. Looking at her position, and examining the manner in which she lay, he said, without questioning the others, "Ah, paralysis! that has been my constant dread."

"But, Doctor," said Genevieve, willing to offer an encouragement she did not feel, "I have not seen her face so expressive before in months. Is not that favorable?"

"No, Genevieve; not when taken with the paralytic shock. We must prepare ourselves for the worst."

His voice was calm and composed, but a tear was standing in his eye.

"Can nothing be done, Doctor?" asked Genevieve. "This is dreadful," and her eyes were filled with tears.

The doctor only replied: "Watch for her signals closely, Miss Tyndal, until I return from the dispensary, please. And please keep notes of all she says—every word."

As the doctor went down, his sister came in. She stood silently looking at the patient a moment, and, turning to Genevieve, said:

"Poor Fanny! Oh, my poor brother! He has

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been fearing this for weeks, but spoke of it to no one but me." Then she adjusted the pillows, and Mrs. Chartervale, appearing to recognize her touch, reached out an arm, and, pulling her face down, kissed it fervently. Then she rattled the key.

"Tell Annie not to mourn. I am going where I shall see those who have gone before, and hear their shouts of welcome. 'There will be no night there.'" Her face fairly shone, and Miss Tyndal said her signals were wonderfully distinct.

Then Jane Waterbury spoke, while tears of mingled gratitude and sorrow fell: "Please tell her for me that she has triumphed, and that on her testimony my father's estate is restored, and my mother has gone to receive her own."

When this had been communicated to her, she reached out her arm, beckoning; and when Jane went to her, she embraced and kissed her.

"Yes, Genevieve," said Jane, "I have just got the letter, and mother and uncle are already gone to Ohio, and I am to follow."

"Thank God!" said Genevieve, in a low tone, and Annie and Miss Tyndal added congratulations.

Just then the doctor came in with medicine.

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He had no hope, but he did what might be done; while Mrs. Chartervale thanked him, declaring it all in vain.

At bed time there had been no change; and the doctor was to watch by the bed until midnight, when Genevieve and Miss Tyndal were to take his place.

At midnight the poor woman was apparently sleeping, and the doctor gave place to Genevieve. There was no change in the patient during the night. Genevieve and Miss Tyndal dozed alternately in their chairs. At one time, while the latter was watching, Mrs. Chartervale signaled; and a good many sentences were recorded by Miss Tyndal. And afterward, while that young woman was sleeping in her chair, Genevieve, in looking over those notes, came across these words: "Tell my cousin, Genevieve Caldwell, that I die in hope that her hand will be given where her heart now is." It was not the words which surprised her; it was certain features of the handwriting, and the spelling of her last name without the "u."

A light broke upon her, but she kept her own counsel, and waited. At daylight, when the doctor came in and put his finger upon the pulse,

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it was almost gone, and the patient sleeping. She waked at his touch, and with difficulty signaled one word—"*Happy!*" It was her last signal. Paralysis of the lungs and heart soon came on, and the spirit prisoned in darkness and in silence fled from its shattered temple forever.

Three days later, when the funeral was over and the body had been tenderly laid to rest in one of the pretty valleys of Bellefontaine Cemetery, Miss Tyndal, whose delicate duties were at an end, was about to bid farewell to The Hermitage and its remaining inmates, when Genevieve sent a request that she would come to her room. When she came in, Genevieve closed the door, locked it, and, without offering a chair, and herself standing, said in stern words and face of flame, as she presented the book of minutes taken on the last sad night:

"Did you write that sentence?"

"I did; she dictated it."

"Did she spell out my name, or give you the signal for it?"

"She gave me the signal."

"How do you spell my name?"

"As you do, I suppose," replied Miss Tyndal, in confusion.

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"No, you do not. Did you write this?" (showing the first note returned to her by her brother). "Answer."

"Oh, yes, Miss Cauldwell, I wrote it; but indeed—indeed——"

"Did you write *that* also?" (showing the second note).

Miss Tyndal bowed her head affirmatively.

"And perhaps it was you who notified the detective where to look for the electrotype plate?"

Here Miss Tyndal appeared to recover her self-control, and answered:

"It is my brother's duty to discover such things; and I felt it my duty, as his sister, to aid him all I could. But indeed—indeed, Miss Cauldwell!——"

Genevieve did not permit her to finish the sentence. She unlocked the door, threw it open, and, in subdued words of anger and contempt, exclaimed:

"Go! You are too vile for words!"

The woman hastened out, glad to get away from her fierce catechiser; and for a few minutes Genevieve walked the floor, waiting for her hot indignation to cool.

Then she smiled contemptuously as she put

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away the papers, and said: "I suppose it is a case of what the gentlemen sometimes call 'pure cussedness.'"

And now Jane Waterbury was to leave for her new home at Nonabel. She had written to her mother, announcing the cause of her delay—the death of Mrs. Chartervale, the dear friend to whom they owed so much—and had promised to come on at once.

But the nearer the day of departure approached the more she hesitated. The Hermitage had become to her a memorable spot. Not only had she been received there with a welcome which filled her heart with gratitude, but there had been awakened a sentiment—the strongest in her nature—which had since dominated her whole being. And before saying farewell, she went to her room and with unwonted composure contemplated her own heart. "And what is *he* to me?" thought she, "that I should love him insanely! He has not sought my love; his path and mine can never meet. I will resign him to Genevieve, though my heart break—noble, generous Genevieve! She deserves him. Henceforth I tear his image from my heart, and forget that I have been unwomanly."

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Poor girl! She did not know how strong her infatuation was, and how weak her will.

She called Genevieve, fell upon her neck, and said: "Oh, Vieve! I have conquered my mad folly forever. But some day—if I should die before you do—*tell him I once loved him!*"

Genevieve returned her embrace without a word. And in half an hour the carriage took Jane Waterbury to the train, amid the warm good-byes of the whole household, and loneliness reigned supreme at The Hermitage.

Then the poor doctor first realized the depth of his bereavement. He was a philosopher, but a man of the deepest feelings. His philosophy could not restore the lost one who had been to him the good genius of the place.

> "Could all saint, sage or sophist ever writ,
> Repeople that lone tower? that tenement refit?"

He knew that it could not; and he wandered silently through the lonely halls and vacant rooms, thinking with incurable regret upon the blind and dumb wife who had been the light of all his later years. The young who have been torn from a loved companion may bind up the wound, and continue the journey of life scarce the worse. But the old—ah, the old! Their

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wounds heal but slowly, often closing only with the grave.

Annie, the loving sister, saw and appreciated it all, and she redoubled her efforts to lighten up her brother's uncomplaining sorrow. She carried the accustomed flowers daily to Mrs. Chartervale's now vacant room. She persuaded her brother to ride with her in the pleasant September evenings. She read to him, and she called his attention to all the newest scientific items in the magazines. She filled the house and all the grounds around with the sunshine of her cheerfulness. But though the doctor reflected these genial efforts, they did not warm him to forgetfulness. The wound was too deep.

One morning he said to Genevieve: "It is a terrible thing, Genevieve, to resist the yearnings of one's heart."

She did not understand whether he applied these words to her or to himself, so she only replied: "Yes; I know, Doctor, I know."

"No, I fear you do not know, my dear Genevieve. When a noble man worthy the love of a princess offers his heart to you, and your own heart yearns to receive it, to refuse it without more weighty cause than the unreasonable oppo-

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sition of kindred and friends, is to invite a terrible retribution."

Now she understood him. Her reply was instant: "If Captain Adams again offers me his hand, knowing what it will cost, I shall accept it though all the world forbid!" And then she ran away to the garden, and looking toward the main-entrance gate of the grounds, she saw there the carrier of the evening paper, who also delivered all postal matter to The Hermitage every evening. The carrier knew her and held up a letter significantly, and then laying it on the sun-dial near the gate, hastened on.

Genevieve walked rapidly to the dial, saw that the letter was indeed for her, and taking it to her room, began to read it. This was the letter:

PLANTERS HOUSE, 3 P. M.

MY DEAR MISS CAULDWELL: I leave for Mississippi to-morrow night, and shall meet your brother before my return. We have met before, but as he did not then learn my name, I venture to beg of you such a letter of introduction as shall merely give my name and state that I am an acquaintance of Dr. Chartervale's and yours. By mailing your reply to me at the Planters to-morrow morning, you will much oblige a friend who does not now presume to ask more.

Very truly yours, SETH ADAMS.

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Genevieve had the courage of her convictions. She appreciated the respectful forbearance which did "not presume to ask for more"; but she was not quite ready, under all the circumstances, to write that letter of introduction. So she immediately hunted up Dr. Chartervale, and handing him the letter, asked him to furnish the required introduction. And while the doctor read Captain Adams' note she went off again to her own room.

Of course the doctor wrote the letter, and inclosed it in another to Captain Adams, the contents of which Genevieve never knew. But it did not injure the suit of Captain Adams; and the good doctor waited the issue with almost as much anxiety as did Genevieve herself.

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CHAPTER XIX.

MISS WATERBURY FINDS A CURE FOR THE HEARTACHE—PROFESSOR ADAMS, AND THE MAGIC THERE IS IN A NAME.

As Jane Waterbury, after reaching Cincinnati, passed on by rail up the Valley of the Miami toward Nonabel, she was delighted beyond measure with the country through which she passed, as one who had been all her life familiar only with plains and nearly level countries would be likely to be.

The September sun was pouring golden light upon wooded hills rising almost to mountain height; upon sloping plains and quiet valleys; upon golden cornfields and orchards ruddy with ripening fruit. Country houses which were almost palaces, and great barns which spoke of plenty and abundant prosperity, were to be seen in a hundred delightful spots, raising still higher the happy anticipations with which Jane Waterbury was approaching her long-delayed heritage. The happiest possible moment is no doubt that

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in which hopes and aspirations and anticipations long deferred are at last triumphant. No hours of possession afterward can equal that. And in this happy fruition Jane let her feelings revel as the train sped along the river side and out into the valley and away to Nonabel, forgetting for the time her life in the far South, her school days at Monticello, and all she had seen and known and felt at The Hermitage.

In this happy state of mind Jane Waterbury met her mother at the station and joined in the happiest embrace of all their lives! Mr. Waterbury, her uncle, gave her the kindliest welcome, and seating her in the light, open carriage with her mother, himself drove them up the turnpike road, past the Normal School, and up to the Waterbury place. As they passed the fine brick edifice of the Normal School, a gentleman stepped out within ten feet of the carriage, bowed, and passed on.

"Heavens!" exclaimed Jane, but in an undertone, "it's Mr. Adams!" "Yes," responded Mr. Waterbury, "it is Mr. Adams. Do you happen to know him?"

Jane made no reply. She was pale as death; her lips quivered; she put her arm about her

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mother as if fearful of falling. But she rallied almost immediately, and said to her mother, who was frightened:

"It was nothing; I am better now; I was dizzy. Is it far to the house?"

"Right yonder on the hillside," said her uncle. "We will be there in a minute. The ride and the heat have been too much for you, but we will soon have you all right."

And he whipped up the team and had her through the gate and at the door within the minute. By that time Jane was nearly recovered and had regained her self-control, and she returned her aunt Nancy's warm-hearted welcome with her usual happy smile, and was shown to the room set apart for her special use, overlooking the main doorway and out on to the sidewalk leading to the Normal School building.

Ten minutes later, looking out of that upper front window, Jane Waterbury saw, coming through the front gate and up to the hall door, the gentleman who had startled her so at the Normal School. This time she controlled her astonishment, and, unseen herself, scrutinized him through the slats of the Venetian blind. There was the tall figure of Captain Adams; the

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same walk and manly bearing; the same fair skin, with delicate-tinted pink; the same flowing, light-brown hair; the same large, kindly, deep-blue eyes which marked the man she knew as Captain Adams. What did it mean—what *could* it mean? He came up the steps and entered the house without ringing, and she heard his foot upon the stair as he passed to an upper room. Then she sank bewildered into a chair, where she sat half an hour vainly trying to unravel the mystery. If that was not Captain Seth Adams, who was it? Her uncle had said it was Mr. Adams when the name burst from her lips in the carriage. She knew that Captain Adams claimed to be his father's only heir, and, as she understood, his only son. And when her mother came up to lead her down to dinner, she was still in her traveling habit, mystified as ever.

"Indeed, mother," said she, not wishing to meet the double of Captain Adams at the table where she now knew he would be, "I am too tired to go down. Let me rest an hour, and save me a little something until I come down."

Familiar with her daughter's waywardness, the mother gave her a scrutinizing gaze and left her,

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attributing the daughter's assumed fatigue to the long ride and the hot weather.

She had seen the mysterious gentleman go out and up toward the Normal School, and Jane came down soon after for her dinner. Not a word did she say as to the cause of her delay.

She appeared to be refreshed and to enjoy her dinner, and her mother felt no further anxiety. But the name of Captain Adams (for which she listened) was not spoken, and she was unable to find any clew to the identity of the man who had so mysteriously awakened her curiosity, and, unwilling to inquire, she could only wait in silence for the solution.

But supper-time came, and still no allusion to the mysterious Mr. Adams was made by any one, until it was time to be seated at table. Then Mrs. Nancy Waterbury said: "We will not wait for Professor Adams; something has detained him."

"Professor Adams!" Jane heard the words with perfect distinctness. But she had seen Professor Adams, of Illinois, and she knew this was not the "grand old man."

Then, almost immediately, Mr. Adams came in unceremoniously and was about to take his ac-

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customed seat, bowing pleasantly to the company, when Mr. Waterbury said: "Professor Adams, this is my niece, Miss Jane Waterbury." He took her hand with polite cordiality, saying: "We have been looking for you, Miss Jane, and I missed you at dinner, as I knew you had arrived." She replied, "Thank you," in an embarrassed sort of way; and said little during the dinner. But as the professor joined in general conversation, she heard again, as it seemed, the very voice and intonation of Captain Adams, of St. Louis. Full, decided, distinct, but soft, round and musical; she had heard but one voice like that before, and this, as did that, thrilled her to her inmost soul. The voice of one we love is always touching, and there sometimes appears to be a more than sympathetic response, which finds its harmony in the nerve-cords themselves. But the voice of Captain Adams, as before stated, and of Professor Adams at Nonabel, arrested the attention of all ears, and remained ever after as a pleasant memory. What was the secret of it? Not its pitch, nor its force or softness, nor its melodic intervals, nor any of its modulations;—nor was it all of these combined. It was—as a mere voice—more in its *timbre* than all things else

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that its charm lay. But it was more than that—as we all know, for all have heard at least one such voice. There was a *soul* in it, and one felt as well as heard it. And now this soul-sympathy which had so wrought upon the heart of Jane Waterbury at St. Louis was called upon again for response at Nonabel.

What could she do? One thing she determined to do—and did. She asked no questions; she awaited revelations. She learned little by little that Professor Adams was principal of the Normal School (where she herself was to go); that he had acted in that capacity for a number of years; that he was esteemed and respected by all; and that he was unmarried, and, so far as anybody knew, heart free.

That was about all she learned.

And so autumn wore away, and Jane was happy, and only very dimly conscious of changes going on in her own heart.

Little by little, day after day, a psychical and physiological *substitution*, as it may be called, was transferring a love which had been morbid toward one object to another equally worthy, and was becoming healthful and strong. Such substitutions do occur, even with the animal,

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where reason is absent and blind instinct is the only guide.

How tenderly the mother cat, bereaved of her kittens, sometimes nurtures with fond affection even the rat's forsaken young! How the hen with her brood of ducks watches them with tender care, lest, in violation of her own instinct of safety, they go upon the water; or how, when robbed of the eggs which she is so devotedly warming with her own body, she shows the same devotion to the substituted stones! And how in all these animals where the maternal passion has had its day and the excited brain has cooled together with it, proper emotion and all manifestation of affection cease! It is probably not true (as held by some "advanced" scientists) that mind and emotion are only affections of organized matter in the brain, but it is certain that the manifestation of the stronger passions and high activity of certain portions of the brain are concomitant, and that they rise and fall together. The brooding hen "sets" while the physical and emotional excitement continues, and no opposition or deprivation can subdue the instinct. And the same blind instinct expends itself upon what is offered to it. In the same way animals accept

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substitutes for their young; those which are hereditary enemies consort together, lost dogs attach themselves to new masters, and inconstant men—and sometimes women—transfer their love by substitution to another. And when the one is hopeless or impossible it can not be reprehensible to find an object in another; for only a foolish hen will brood with hopeless constancy upon an empty nest.

At any rate, whatever the philosophy may be, a substitution was slowly going on in the heart of Jane Waterbury, by which an idol at Nonabel was being set up in the place of one she had left behind. And this substitution went on all the more naturally and without shock from the wonderful resemblance between the two physically, morally, intellectually and socially. And he, all unaware of his advantages, besieged her heart with all the careful strategy of a first battle, having thought to himself from the first week of their meeting: "Here, at last, is one I have waited for all these years." There was nothing strikingly beautiful about Jane Waterbury. Her slight, well-proportioned figure, brunette complexion, jet-black hair and large gray eyes, flashing and languishing by turns, and her soft, low

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voice, rippling or murmuring in its fitful changes, were all in perfect keeping. But that did not make up the image which had been Lemuel Adams' ideal. And yet, when he found himself in the society of Jane Waterbury, and saw her going about among her friends as the very soul of cheerfulness and vivacity, filling the house with happy laugh and song, he banished the old ideal forever. He had not thought of one so *petite;* but this slight figure was perfection. He had not looked for raven locks; but here was jet more beautiful than gold. He had always supposed *his* fate must be flashed from blue, not gray, eyes; but now the bolt which reached his heart came from those great gray orbs, and he knew his hour had come. With her musical taste he was especially taken. Coming home from his school duties, one day, unexpectedly early, he heard some one playing on his own cottage organ up stairs.

"Who is that?" inquired he of Mrs. Nancy Waterbury, in pleased surprise.

"Oh, that is Miss Jane; she and her mother are in your library. We have no instrument down stairs, you know, and I sent Jane to try your organ."

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He went softly to the foot of the stair and listened until the music ceased; and then going up and knocking gently at the half-open door, said:

"May I come in?"

"Oh, Professor," exclaimed Jane in reply, "you have caught us!"

"Come right in," interposed the mother; "Jane was so hungry for a little of her own music that we ventured to come up in your absence."

"Well," said the professor, going in, "I am also hungry for some of her music, and she must keep right on, just as if I were not here." It was the music of her presence he was hungering for, though he did not say so.

"I hate the piano!" said Jane, with sharp emphasis, as the professor came forward.

"Indeed!" he replied; "I thought all young ladies worshiped the 'pi-an-er'!"

"I know one who does not, and I honor your good taste in having an organ instead."

"Well, now, Miss Jane, what is the matter with the piano as a musical instrument?" inquired he, glad to find she had no better opinion of it than he himself had.

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"I think it is not a musical instrument at all!" replied Jane.

"Oh, terrible!" replied the professor; "what will all the young ladies say?"

"I care not what they say. It is only a machine—guitar at best, and not equal to that as an accompaniment to the voice. For solo purposes it is absurd—all staccato, without swell or modulation, without prolongation, and without soul."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the professor. "But if it be only a machine-guitar, is it not a very perfect machine?"

"No, sir!" (and her eyes flashed as she replied). "It is not even that; for the lower notes crash into discords, and the high ones are no more enduring than the snapping springs of a French music box. And more than all that, there is such a fatal facility in its manipulation that players are tempted to lose all love of tone, rhythm and melody in the grand crash of finger gymnastics and noise. Why do not girls learn the violin? That is the only perfect instrument, and will give back all the soul you put into it. And, besides that, much of the so-called music—even of the noted composers—has no *melody*, no rhythm, no musical form or symmetry, but is only a soulless

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succession of measured sounds. They are not music at all, any more than mere words in cadenced accent are poetry."

In most of this the professor concurred. But he was more pleased to find she had strong opinions of her own than to know they so nearly agreed with his. If there was any truth in the saying of a noted wit,—that "most women have no characters at all,"—then here, at least, was a marked exception; for Jane Waterbury had many points of character strongly marked, and their expression pleased him.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE COLONEL ADJUST THEIR DIFFERENCES—A MERRY MEETING—GENEVIEVE'S BROTHER WRITES A LETTER TO GENEVIEVE.

IT need hardly be said that Jane Waterbury was very happy all these autumn days. The cloud under which she had lived all her years had been dissipated. The dependent position of herself and mother upon her uncle's bounty had been changed for assured independence. Her mother was so happy in the contemplation of her own and her daughter's good fortune that she appeared almost to set back the shadow on the dial of her life. Her Uncle Waterbury treated her with great kindness, and her aunt seemed never so happy as when ministering to the happiness of her new-found niece. In the full enjoyment of this new life and its surroundings, Jane wrote a characteristic letter to her dear friend and associate at St. Louis :

MY DEAR GENEVIEVE : I have been just too happy to write, or I should have written to you long ago. And

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this is my very first letter to anybody since I left The Hermitage. Oh, that poor Mrs. Chartervale! It makes me cry to think about her. And the doctor's sister Annie —she is just too good for anything! Does the major ever call? Major Dabny is a gentleman, and knows the worth of Annie Chartervale. But she was not made for him or anybody else, I think. Mother and I are *somebody* here. Uncle and Aunt Waterbury are kind as they can be; and I will say no more against Yankees, for my aunt is a Yankee, and the dearest little black-eyed woman you ever saw. She believes in the doctrine of election, and thinks (she really does) that God elected her from the foundation of the world to be saved! And, indeed, I think she is right, for her little black eyes are flashing with loving kindness all the day. This is the most delightful country I ever saw, and when you and you-know-who are married, come right here to our house on your bridal tour—and as much sooner as you please, for you are my dearest friend, and we will entertain you right royally. Remember me to Annie and the good Dr. Chartervale, and believe me,

As ever, your loving

JANE WATERBURY.

P. S.—I have something else to tell you, but can't tell you now. But you need never deliver that dying confession I left with you. JANE.

If the enterprising missionary Jesuit who discovered the Mississippi really traversed its waters downward to the Arkansas, nobody who has ever repeated the journey, even in a steamboat, can

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blame him for turning back. He must have thought it the River of Death—without beginning or end—as he passed its muddy miles of monotonous shore, fringed with a low margin of gray-green willows so much of the weary way. Seth Adams was no stranger to the great waterway, and as he passed under the big bridge, on board the fine steamer Minnehaha, at nine o'clock at night, bound for the town of Prentiss, he well knew that, with the exception of the bustling colony aboard, he was leaving the busy world behind him.

He sat at the stern and watched the receding city. The thousand lights upon the levee sank in the distance lower and lower, until they appeared to rest upon the water. The ever-present smoke-cloud above the city and the black belching of a dozen steamers at the wharf threw a lurid canopy over all things visible, and no sound was to be heard but the rumbling of the engines and the beat of the boat's wheels upon the water. The night was intensely dark, but not foggy; and, as our captain stood, silent, near the pilot-house, for nearly an hour, and watched the pilot threading the mazes of a low-water channel, in darkness so dense that nothing was visible to un-

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trained eyes but water and stars, he felt the same wonder which he had felt before, and which so many others have felt. *How* does the pilot trace his devious way in darkness, when all the shore-line looks the same to others, and most of it is invisible? "But I might as well ask," thought he, "how the trained musician detects one vibration too much or too little per second, when there should be exactly twenty thousand! It is the work of trained organs, which untrained ones can not understand."

On the morning of the fourth day Captain Adams was landed at the little wharf-boat at Prentiss. As he walked ashore, a stalwart black man, standing with a whip in his hand at the head of a mule, attached to a diminutive dray, accosted him: "Mornin', boss! Got eny mo' baggage dan dat?"

When the captain was last in the South, the negros had generally said "master," but most of them had now come to say "boss," instead.

"No, I have no more. Do you know where Colonel Cauldwell lives?" said the captain.

"Well, I does. Out on de Rosedale road, 'bout five mile, sah."

"As far as that?"

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"Jes' so, an' it might be mo', boss. Would you want a good hoss?"

"Well, yes, if it's that far. Where can I obtain a horse?"

The colored man soon helped the captain to "a good hoss," and he struck out for the residence of Colonel Cauldwell.

There was nothing very inviting in the country over which the captain passed until he reached, as he supposed, the residence of Colonel Cauldwell. He saw, nearly half a mile from the road in which he was riding, a pleasant looking verandaed house on comparatively elevated ground, and surrounded by trees and shrubbery; and while he hesitated to assure himself he was right, a man riding a mule came up from the opposite direction. He was dressed in a gray summer suit, and wore a slouched hat with very broad brim; and, on meeting him, Adams recognized him as Colonel Cauldwell, the man he had met upon the train in Illinois. Accosting him, he said:

"Is this the Rosebud road, sir?" bowing politely at the same time.

"Yes, suh, this is the—why, good morning, suh! I think I met you on the c'yars last spring in Illinois."

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"Why, yes! How do you do, Colonel Cauldwell? I remember you well, and am happy to meet you. Is that your place?" pointing.

"Yes, suh; come right in and have dinner with me. I want to talk with you."

"Thank you, Colonel, I meant to have hunted you up, and I will stop with you now."

When the gentlemen had ridden up to the house a negro took the horses, and the colonel seated his guest in the shade on the veranda. They talked of St. Louis, of the Hayes administration, and, at last, of the meeting on the Illinois railroad train.

"I think you said you still hated the Yankees, Colonel?" said Adams.

"Hate 'em! I shall die hatin' 'em, suh," replied Colonel Cauldwell. "Of course, I know *you* are no genuine Yankee, but a Western man. But I must say that since the cussed Yanks burnt my town and nearly roasted me, I can only think of one man in the whole Federal army I don't hate!"

"They burned Prentiss, I remember," said Captain Adams. "Who is the man who is so fortunate as not to be hated, Colonel? What did he do?"

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"Do! Let me tell you. When the soldiers set fire to the town I was lyin' up stairs in my own house, with both legs broken by a shell, and in splints. The cussed nigger who was nussin' me ran off and left me to burn to death. I sw'ar I thought I was gone! Well, suh, a soldier heard me callin', an' he saturated a blanket with water, ran up stairs to me, put me on his back with the wet blanket over me, and carried me out through smoke and fire, and saved my life at the risk of his own. Fact, suh, sho' as you're born; and I believe I would die for that fellow if it were necessary."

"What did he do with you?" inquired Captain Adams.

"He carried me on board the steamer Queen of the West, and turned me over a prisoner to the surgeon, and afterward had me exchanged. Think of that, suh! Can I ever forget that?"

"I should think not," replied Adams, a good deal embarrassed and somewhat agitated. What was the soldier's name?"

"His name was Adams, suh — Lieutenant Adams, of the engineers."

Captain Adams here turned his head away, while he took from his pocket Dr. Chartervale's

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letter of introduction, and, handing it to the colonel, he said:

"I should have given you this before; please read it now, Colonel."

Colonel Cauldwell opened the letter, and read these words:

Colonel Cauldwell will allow me to introduce a gentleman whom he has met before—my esteemed friend, and his preserver from a fiery death, Captain Seth Adams.

Your friend, W. CHARTERVALE.

Cauldwell read the letter hastily, sprang to his feet, and grasping Adams by both hands, exclaimed:

"Why, cuss me, is it possible? I surrender at discretion; you have got me, and there is no retreat. But why, in God's name, didn't you tell me long ago, and save poor Vieve all this trouble?"

"Because, Colonel, I did not choose to buy her love with her gratitude."

"And you tell me she doesn't know that you were the Lieutenant Adams who carried away her brother through fire to safety?"

"She certainly does not," replied Captain Adams. "I preferred to win her heart, if at all,

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by a straightforward attack. And, besides that, Colonel, you never asked me for my name."

"And I believe, Captain Adams," said the colonel, "you had no other business down here in Mississippi but to see me." And then he roared with laughter as he took the captain's hand and pulled him into the dining-room, saying:

"Come, we'll eat on that; and, as Major Jack Downing used to say, 'I am yours to serve.'"

At the urgent solicitation of his host Captain Adams decided to remain until the next day, and after supper in the evening they sat on the veranda smoking and fighting mosquitoes for hours, and talking over war times and the present state of feeling between the people who had fought on opposing sides. There was perfect good feeling, and both gentlemen appeared to be candid in what they said to each other.

"And do you Southern people expect to be so bitter toward the North forever?" inquired Adams at one time.

"Well," was the reply, "forever is a long time. I think I shall still feel so till my dying day, suh; I can't help it."

"But large numbers of the Southern people already feel differently, do they not?"

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"Yes, I suppose they do; but large numbers of our people were for the Union and against the Confederacy during the wa', and of course they feel reconciled."

"But I am led to believe that a large proportion of the Confederate soldiers are disposed to accept the result philosophically, and to cultivate good feeling toward the Northern people."

"Yes; just as the major ate his crow—he *could* eat it, but he didn't hanker after it!"

"Well, Colonel, there was certainly no humiliation in the defeat of the Confederacy."

"Humiliation!" exclaimed the colonel, becoming excited; "no, suh! It was mo' glorious than your victory. The world never saw such a gallant struggle befo'. And the men who beat us were our race and blood, and ought to be our equals, man for man. But they largely outnumbered us; they had all advantages at sea and the prestige of the old flag; they had the manufactories of arms and the skilled men by thousands in all departments; they suffered no blockade, and had the free commerce of the world; they had abundant supplies, while we were exhausted and nearly starving; their men were clothed well, fed well, armed well, and possessed all the advantages

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which an overflowing commissary, transportation and hospital department could give. Humiliation! My God, suh, we are proud of such a defeat!"

"Then why not shake hands and be friends for the mutual good of all sections?" asked Captain Adams. "Our country is your country, our flag is your flag, with all it implies and assures."

"Oh, yes, Captain, that is all so. And I suppose that closer intercourse—railroad and commercial dealings, and the interlocking common interests of the sections—will at last wipe out animosities. But it will be when I am dead."

After a brief silence, the colonel hastily refilled and lighted his pipe, and continued:

"But right h'yer, Captain, let me say, they who assert that the Southern people are not now loyal to the old flag, and patriotic as the North ever was, *lie*—or they do not understand us. There is sitting now in the presidential chair a man who —as I believe and the whole Democratic party of the South (and of the North, too,) believe—*was never elected!* And we *know* (or believe we do) that our own candidate was elected and is at this moment the lawful President of the United States. Did we rebel and go to war over this

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outrage? We could have done so with an almost certainty of success; for, besides the Southern Democrats, almost one-half of the Northern people are Democrats. What did we do? We submitted to a great wrong for the sake of peace. Was there no patriotism in that?"

"I admit there was," replied Captain Adams; "but your people had not yet recovered from the disaster and poverty of war, and were not in a condition to resist."

"No, suh; you are wrong thar, Captain. Prosperity is a safeguard to peace. A satisfied people never willingly go to war if they have to do their own fighting. It was not exhaustion, suh, which makes my people and my party submit to this great wrong, for the Democrats of the North at least are prosperous; it was love of country, suh, and it speaks mo' for the stability of the United States government than did the overthrow of the Confederacy."

"Certainly, Colonel," replied Captain Adams, "I think the forbearance of your party has not been fully appreciated; but you should remember that the Republicans feel just as certain that their candidate was lawfully elected as you do that yours was. I suppose the truth is, no man knows

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or ever can know *who was* lawfully elected. It was nearly a tie, and unjustifiable proceedings in Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina and Oregon were such as to destroy all possibility of knowing who was lawfully chosen. It is an unfortunate feature in our system that there is greatest danger where there is least call for it—when the votes on both sides are nearly equal. For in that case half the people will be represented by the success of either candidate."

It was now nearly midnight, and the discussion ended, as usual, by each gentleman going to bed of "the same opinion still."

Next morning, after breakfast, Colonel Cauldwell prepared a letter to his sister Genevieve, and then rode with Captain Adams to Prentiss, where they waited an entire day for an upward-bound boat. And when a steamer came in sight Colonel Cauldwell handed his letter to the captain, saying: "This is to my sister Genevieve, care of Dr. Chartervale. Good-bye, and good luck!" And the one went to his plantation and the other up the muddy river.

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CHAPTER XXI.

AT THE FAIR AND AFTER—VIEWS OF PILOT KNOB AND SHEPHERD'S MOUNTAIN—AN UNKNOWN ARTIST.

If you ever intend to visit the great St. Louis fair (which, of course, you will, if the opportunity offers), go early—very early,—not with the crowd, but as long before as possible; and go in your own conveyance, or one you can control as to time of going and returning. You will learn why further on.

It was "fair-time" when Captain Adams reached St. Louis on his return from Mississippi. Miss Cauldwell had returned to Monticello, to which place her brother's letter, brought up the river by Captain Adams, was forwarded by mail. Disappointed in not being able to meet Genevieve before her departure, he resolved to console himself by doing as everybody else appeared to be doing—he resolved to go to the fair. He called for Major Dabny, and together they sought a carriage. Vain attempt! Not an unlet vehicle

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remained in all St. Louis. Hundreds of carriages had already gone out, and hundreds more were on the way; carriages, coaches, buggies, gigs, phætons, wagons, carts,—every form of vehicle,—loaded with men, women and children,—white, black and all intermediate shades,—and drawn by an almost equal variety of horses and mules. Surging through the crowded streets, filled with stragglers seeking the fair on foot, the multifarious cavalcade proceeded. Gay flags floated from the houses by the way; all faces were lighted up with the same intensity of purpose, as if the crack of doom had come—the purpose of getting to the great fair before everybody else got there. And then the street-car lines! If you have any sympathy to spare for suffering beasts, expend it now upon the poor mule. All of the car lines empty their living freight into the three or four lines which converge near the fair grounds, and these are crowded almost to suffocation—so the dusty, sweating, reeking mass moves slowly onward.

Adams and Dabny take a car; they can do no better. It is already full, but they hold on and stand. Cars in front and cars behind for two or

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three miles on the same track! If one stops, all behind stop. Half way out the exhausted mules drawing the car taken by Captain Adams fall in their tracks. Down comes the great lash upon their backs. Still the mules do not recover. The driver of the next car behind adds his persuasive whip to that of the other. It is in vain; the mules can suffer and bear, but they can not rise. They are taken out; the passengers leave the car, and it is moved from the track to make way for others, while rough men swear at the delay, children cry, and one woman thanks God that she is "out of that car alive."

And so the great gate of the fair grounds and Zoological Garden is reached at last.

But who shall describe the indescribable? Imagine the crowd of a hundred thousand people of all ages, sexes, colors and conditions, gathered in the grand park; the Oriental zoological buildings, filled with beasts and living wonders of nearly all the earth; the lakes, the boats, the great amphitheatre, and grand promenade and seats for more than a hundred thousand; the grand mechanical and agricultural and art display, and the thousand other attractions of which St. Louis is so justly proud.

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But no man can see a tithe of these in one day. Captain Adams and his friend did not attempt it. They passed straight to the art exposition. Before some landscapes in India ink, where a group of artists were gathered, they met a mutual friend,—a French gentleman named Rey, and a painter of some note,—who exclaimed:

"Ah! Captain Adams; see there!" And he pointed to four India ink views of Pilot Knob and Shepherd's Mountain.

"What about them?" inquired both Adams and Dabny.

"Very fine! very fine, indeed!" replied the French gentleman. "I not see so good work in Indian ink from any woman. Look at that sky! look at the perfect atmospheric perspective, which is so much difficult in Indian ink."

"But is it the work of a lady?" inquired Captain Adams, pushing up nearer to read the attached card. Then he beckoned to Major Dabny to come also. And this is what they read on the attached card:

"Views of Pilot Knob and Shepherd's Mountain.—By a lady. Exhibited by Dr. Chartervale."

They both recognized the work at once. The views had been worked up from those made by

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Genevieve Cauldwell, which they had seen in pencil.

Observing the gentlemen interchange looks of recognition, Mr. Rey said:

"You know Miss Chartervale?"

"Yes," replied Adams, with a smile; "we both have the pleasure of knowing Miss Annie. There is her brother—Dr. Chartervale—coming this way. Shall I introduce you?"

"It will make me thank you very much," replied the French artist, fully confident he had learned the name of the artist of the India ink views, which no other artist had been able to do.

Mr. Rey was delighted with Dr. Chartervale, stuck to him for half an hour, and received a cordial invitation to The Hermitage, not doubting that he should there meet the lady who was so fine an artist in India ink, and who, as others had guessed, in his presence, was Miss Annie, the doctor's sister.

Captain Adams was surprised and delighted at these fine specimens of Genevieve's artistic work, and wished to purchase them. But the views were not for sale. His only chance was to obtain the artist with the pictures.

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The two friends having satisfied their curiosity, took an early train, to avoid the crowd, and returned to the city; and in an evening paper's notes of the fair, Captain Adams found the Pilot Knob India inks praised highly for their "almost photographic likeness to the originals, and the artistic superiority of the work, as admitted by the many capable artists who had examined the pictures." And the paper added that "these fine views are attributed to a pupil of Monticello Seminary in Illinois—a Southern lady, whose name we could not learn." He was so pleased with this notice that he marked a prepaid wrapper and mailed it, addressed: "Miss Genevieve Cauldwell, care of the Principal, Monticello Seminary, Ill."

On the succeeding Sunday afternoon Captain Adams found himself so restless and uneasy that he took the Tower Grove street cars at Fourth and Pine streets, rode as near The Hermitage as he could reach, and walked over to have an hour's chat with Dr. Chartervale and Annie—the chief purpose of which, however, was the chance of hearing indirectly from Genevieve. At the outside gate of The Hermitage he found a horse and buggy standing at the hitching post, and wonder-

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ing whose it might be, passed in and up to the front portico. There, sitting in the shade, he found the doctor and the enthusiastic French gentleman, Mr. Rey. He had been at The Hermitage for more than an hour, hoping to meet Miss Annie, but finding no excuse for asking to see her. She had not made her appearance. She had been informed of his mistake as to the authorship of the Pilot Knob pictures, and she purposely kept away, as she did not wish to appropriate Genevieve's honors, and was equally unwilling to betray the name of the real artist. But Annie had caught a glimpse of the captain as he came in, and soon made her appearance, hoping to escape the French artist's unmerited compliments with his aid. But the Frenchman was not easily balked. Immediately on being introduced, he said, with excessive politeness:

"I had the much pleasure, Miss Chartervale, of seeing your excellent work at the exposition. Not many young ladies can execute such Indian inks, I think."

"Oh, indeed, Mr. Rey, you are giving me credit I do not deserve."

"Ah, Miss Chartervale, you American ladies are too much modest. I have not seen better

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drawing, perspective, atmosphere and sky in this country. And in Indian ink they are so difficult."

"But I do not work in India ink, Mr. Rey. You have been misled."

"Impossible! Are not those Pilot Knob pictures done in Indian ink?"

"I suppose they are, sir; but I am not entitled to any credit for them. Walk into the library; we have some rather rare pictures there —some of them executed in Paris, and brought over some years ago by the late Mrs. Chartervale."

Mr. Rey gladly accepted Annie's invitation, saying, as he passed to the library, that her name was originally French, and that she came by her art talent by inheritance. To this Annie made no reply, except to shake her head in deprecation of any such compliment. Then the Frenchman turned and put the question squarely:

"Am I mistaken, Miss Chartervale? Did you not execute the Pilot Knob pictures?"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Rey," replied Annie, now fairly cornered, "but you will oblige me by not insisting upon an answer."

"Ah! Ha, ha, I thank you!" exclaimed Rey,

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in reply, now certain that Annie was the painter, and too modest to acknowledge it.

They wandered through the library for some time, where there were many pictures, some of them very meritorious. The Frenchman was delighted, and was loud in his expressions of gratitude. But on a table he found an open portfolio of engravings, and among these he found Genevieve's original sketches of Shepherd's Mountain and Pilot Knob, where she had inadvertently left them. Great was his delight, for he had half suspected (with some other artists) that the India ink pictures were copies from photographs.

"Aha! Miss Chartervale, here is the proof," he exclaimed.

Annie could carry her evasion no further. She pointed to Genevieve's name in the corner of each sketch, and the date, saying:

"I did my best to keep Miss Cauldwell's secret for her, but her own oversight has defeated me. Yes, Mr. Rey, the sketch was made in my presence on a visit to Pilot Knob, and my brother—Dr. Chartervale—thinks she is quite an artist. That is her photo over the mantlepiece."

The excitable Frenchman looked at the photograph with apparent rapture. It was a fine

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cabinet portrait, in the best style of the art, and did the original full justice. He took it to the window for better light, saying as he went:

"Did you call the young lady 'Genevieve?'"

"That is her name."

"I knew it!" said Rey. "She is French or of French descent—Genevieve."

"Yes," responded Annie, "the name may be French, but Miss Cauldwell is of Scotch-Irish descent, and her people were first-rate rebels in the late war."

Rey was still devouring the picture of Genevieve, and Annie suspected, that, if any man ever really did fall in love through a picture's shadow of an original, Rey had fallen in love with Genevieve.

"All the better for being a rebel," said he, replying to Annie. "Is she from New Orleans?"

"My brother, the doctor, will inform you of the lady's home, sir; please inquire of him."

Mr. Rey replaced the picture, and with a polite bow begged Annie's pardon, saying that in his admiration of the pictures at the exposition and the photograph of the artist he had, in his thoughtless enthusiasm, presumed too far.

He soon after took his leave and passed out to

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the portico, where he thanked the doctor for the pleasant call he had had, and returned to the city.

During the afternoon Captain Adams ascertained that Genevieve had written to Annie, saying she had received a paper from him—the captain—containing a commendatory notice of her pictures at the fair, over which she was both pleased and vexed—pleased at the commendation and vexed at the artist's locality being revealed until after the exhibition during commencement week at Monticello the next spring, and adding that she was satisfied that Captain Adams had not made the revelation. But the chief object of Genevieve's letter had been to say that the second Sunday after the date of her letter would be her eighteenth birthday, and that she proposed to spend it at The Hermitage.

Looking forward to the next Sunday with pleasant hopes and anticipations, therefore, the captain announced that he hoped to do Miss Genevieve the honor of being present on that day, and then bidding his friends good-bye he returned to the city as he had come.

Some lost leeway will be recovered in this chapter by letting the reader see the letter which

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Colonel Cauldwell wrote to his sister by the hands of Captain Adams:

My Dear Sister Vieve: Your intuition is better than my somewhat prejudiced judgment. I have had a pleasant visit from your Captain Adams, and find him not only a true man, but an old friend—older than I dare tell you now.

Go back to Monticello, get your diploma there, and then if you decide to graduate in matrimony also, I shall wish you much joy.

Your loving brother, M. Cauldwell.

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CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPTAIN AND GENEVIEVE'S ARTICLES OF CONFEDERATION —MYSTERIES DISSOLVE, AND ONCE MORE THERE IS REJOICING AT THE HERMITAGE.

WHEN Genevieve arrived at the Union depot on the next Saturday it was almost night. She looked round for her cousin, but the doctor was not present. Captain Adams was there, however, and when he came up, bowing politely and deferentially, and said he had been commissioned by Dr. Chartervale and Annie to escort her to The Hermitage, she at first drew up and stepped back. Then she smiled, took his proffered hand, and said:

"I would like to see your commission, if you please."

"That is my commission," replied the captain, pointing to the well-known carriage of the doctor, with the driver on the box.

Genevieve gave him her hand, and was helped, blushing, into the carriage, and was off for The

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Hermitage before she well knew what had happened.

What occurred on that evening carriage ride will never be known in all its details to any but the participants in it, but when they drove up under the gaslight at the gate, where the good doctor and his sister were in waiting, both of those dear friends knew from their beaming faces that something which it had once been solemnly declared could "never be" would be, if the concurrent wishes of both Captain Adams and Genevieve could accomplish it.

The captain was as full of happiness as he could hold at one time, and, bidding them all good evening, had himself driven back to the city without accepting the doctor's pressing invitation to go in.

Neither the doctor nor Annie said a word to Genevieve about Captain Adams, and she herself did not mention his name. But her happy face told it all. She took but little supper, roamed about the house, talking all the while with unwonted vivacity, and retired early to her room to enjoy her happiness alone. There she wrote to Jane Waterbury, in reply to the letter she had received with the puzzling postscript—"I have

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something else to tell you, but I can not tell you now."

And this was Genevieve's letter to Jane:

You dear, good girl, I am so glad you are happy. But it appears to me, from the very tone of your letter, that there is some other or some additional cause for your great happiness beside that you mention. *What is it?* I am sure it must be all in what you do *not* say in that innocent little postscript—that I am never to deliver that dying confession, etc. I really hope it is true that you are ready to say "The king is dead; long live the king!" But who is he, Jane, and what is he like? Write me all about it.

My sketches of Pilot Knob, which I finished up in India ink, took a premium at the fair. Wasn't that fine?

To-morrow is my birthday, and I came down from Monticello to spend it at The Hermitage with doctor and Annie—and him. Good-bye. Write often.

Your loving friend, GENEVIEVE.

P. S.—I am to remain at Monticello until I graduate next spring, and we are to be married immediately afterward. G.

After church time, next day, Captain Adams came out. His reception was most cordial by the doctor and Annie, who understood the new relation in which he stood toward Genevieve, and the dinner was made a family reunion in honor of her birthday, of which her affianced husband

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was appropriately a component part. There was no formality and no embarrassment. The doctor and his sister had long looked upon this as an event certain to happen. But Captain Adams and Genevieve in one respect appeared to have exchanged characters—she was buoyant and talkative, and he was notably silent. This being alluded to by the doctor in a pleasant vein, Genevieve declared that she was so relieved to have the matter of their marriage off her mind that she "felt light as a feather, and never before was so full of words;" while the captain on his part declared that he felt like a soldier after a closely won victory, and only wanted to rest and be silent.

"There is one thing I would like to know right now," said Genevieve; "my brother wrote me that he found in you" (to the captain) "an old friend—older than he dare then tell me. What did he mean?"

"I did not see your brother's letter; he did not inform me as to what he would write or had written. How should I know what he means?" This was said with a deprecating look toward Dr. Chartervale. But the doctor said, with a quizzical glance at Genevieve: "It means that he

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found in Captain Adams the brave Union soldier who rushed through fire and saved your brother's life at the risk of his own."

The captain's face reddened to the ears, and Genevieve looked astonished.

"And you never told me a word of this!" she exclaimed, looking as if she was prouder than ever of her affianced husband.

"I think that the besieger who holds any of the material of war as too valuable to be used, almost deserves defeat."

"Don't you wish you had surrendered sooner?" asked the doctor, almost as happy over the coming marriage as the persons most interested.

And then the captain had to rehearse the story of meeting Colonel Cauldwell on the train and recognizing him, while himself unknown; his account of the Yankee dinner and the cucumber pickle cut into eight pieces; his pleasant visit to the colonel in Mississippi and all that had occurred there. And then he added that, although he had not urged the colonel to disclose to Genevieve the identity of himself and the lieutenant who had saved the colonel's life, yet he had expected it, and was now glad that he had not made the request.

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And then Genevieve told the true history of the anonymous letters which had been sent to Colonel Cauldwell, and of the scene in her room when she had confronted Miss Tyndal, received her confession, and turned her out of doors.

This was new to all present, for she had not told it before.

"And now the mysteries are nearly all cleared up," said Captain Adams. "But there is one more I am most anxious to have cleared up.

"An evening paper said of my acquittal——"

"There!" exclaimed Genevieve; "never ask that question again until after I——have graduated."

And so the dinner passed pleasantly, and little lapses in the personal history of each were brought up to date.

During the afternoon, while the young ladies were together in the library, Genevieve found her sketches of Pilot Knob in the portfolio, and wondered how they came there, and then Annie told her the story of the enthusiastic Mr. Rey, the French artist. And while they were laughing over it, who should drive up in front of The Hermitage but Mr. Rey himself! The young ladies, not wishing to meet him, stepped out the back

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way into the garden and seated themselves in the grape arbor.

Now, Mr. Rey had noticed the photographer's name on the picture of Genevieve which he had seen and examined so devotedly, and had actually gone to the trouble of soliciting a copy to be made for him from the negative at the photographer's. He was told, however, that while the "negative" was there, and still in good condition, no copies could be made from it, except on the order of the original or her friends. Then the persistent Frenchman had determined to repeat his visit to The Hermitage upon the slender hope of meeting Genevieve there.

Dr. Chartervale received Mr. Rey kindly, though somewhat surprised at this second call; and both the French gentleman and Captain Adams expressed mutual surprise at meeting each other at The Hermitage. The captain had heard of the artist's previous visit and its results, and wondered why he should presume in coming again; so he said, after some general conversation,

"You were so pleased with the India ink views of Pilot Knob which we were looking at together at the fair, Mr. Rey, that you could not rest until you knew the artist, I understand?"

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"Ah, Captain—did I not do right?" replied the Frenchman.

"Yes, I suppose so; but when a lady conceals her name—which she has a perfect right to do—do you think it is altogether proper for a gentleman to seek to discover it?"

"A work of art belongs to the world, Captain Adams, when exhibited. I meant only to honor the lady. Why should I not ask her relative, Dr. Chartervale, for an introduction? It would make me very much happy. I saw the most beautiful photograph, and, if I am not mistaken much, I saw the young lady passing into the garden as I came in."

"Then," said the doctor, with a quizzical smile, "I refer you to her affianced husband, who has a right to say Miss Cauldwell is beautiful if any one has—Captain Adams."

Rey was astounded. He bowed very low, and in great confusion begged the captain's pardon, and the doctor's pardon, and the young lady's pardon. Then he begged almost piteously for an introduction to Genevieve, that he might apologize in person to her face. And Captain Adams concluded to gratify him. So he sought out Genevieve, told her what had occurred, and, after

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getting over their laugh, the ladies permitted the Frenchman to come to the arbor and be presented. It was a funny scene. But Rey, who really was a worthy gentleman, got through it better than had been expected.

During the general conversation which followed, the subject of the war came up, and Mr. Rey said to Captain Adams—but looking at Genevieve—"What I was astonished for was that the Gray and the Blue should be affianced." And then he added that he believed that every lady in the South, who had long resided there, had been loyal to the Confederacy.

"No," replied Captain Adams, "there were some notable exceptions. Let me give you one. This letter (taking it from his pocket) is from a lady cousin of mine, born in Tennessee, and whose brothers were both in the Confederate army. I recently learned her whereabouts, and wrote to her asking for some items of her personal history during the war. Now I read you part of her reply—written from Kankakee:

"Ah, no one will ever tell you that I was untrue to the Union flag, though I had to give one up to a company of Roddy's men, and the low wretch who entered my house and demanded the flag ordered his followers to set fire to

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the house. What did I do? I folded my arms over my heart and calmly bade him count the shingles on my roof. For, said I, for every shingle that you burn on my house there will be a house burned to pay for it! Did they apply the torch? No! but with my little Union flag high above their heads they left me in full possession of my home.

"Then, again, did I not ride sixty miles in one day, swim the streams, change my riding suit from green to black, from black to gray, and finally leave all with an old Union man and use a light cover over my saddle for disguise? And, after all, I was chased eighteen miles, and the race was only ended by my entering the Union lines with valuable news for General Hatch.

"I was always treated with respect, and knew no fear, and I often passed between the opposing armies at night, my path lighted only by the flash of Confederate pistols."

"Now, I should say," remarked the captain, pausing in his reading, "*that* woman was loyal to the Union."

"Do you say she was born in the South and grew up there?" inquired the doctor.

"Yes; but I should add, perhaps, that her Scotch-Irish forefathers and her own parents lived always in the North, until her parents, many years ago, went to Nashville."

"That is a case of *reversion*," remarked the doctor, with one of his significant smiles. "The lady's principles, in spite of her education, revert-

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ed to the freedom-loving loyalty of her forefathers. Have you more of it, Captain? It is interesting." The captain read further:

"In one of my trips into North Alabama in the service of the Union cause I had a light-hued colored girl with me. We had to cross Bear Creek where Roddy's men had obstructed it with logs and brush. When we reached the creek (the 3rd day of July, just previous to the fall of Vicksburg), one of Roddy's men came dashing up, crying, 'What's up, woman?' 'The *creek*, I believe,' said I. He laughed heartily, and I gained my point. 'Can't you help me cross this ugly water?' inquired I. 'Can't do it to save my soul,' said the man. Then I told him a nice little romance, which he accepted as genuine, and over we went, and I nearly lost my poor horse in the darkness, logs and mud; and when we were over, the soldier, as a last test, examined my horse-shoes; they were hand-made—not machine-made, as those in the Union army—and passed all right. The night was so dark that the fellow mistook my colored girl for a bright little widow, and she was so sharp that she kept up the delusion several hours. In fact, we were really lost in the swamps about that muddy creek; and the captain—he was a captain—was so charmed that he never left us until we reached friends about 11 o'clock, and then—oh, horrible!—the truth flashed through his thick pate. But I was safe; I had accomplished my mission, and within an hour later was off on my return by another route."

"Now, I think," said the captain, after he had read this, "you must admit that there was *one*

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Union woman in the South who was Southern born; but, in fact, there were hundreds, though military power kept most of them still."

"And were there no women of Northern birth and still residing there who sustained the Confederacy during the war?" inquired Genevieve, archly.

"Certainly there were, and men, too, by the thousand."

"And you kept them still by Union leagues and provost marshals and military law, did you not?"

"Yes, I confess we did, but, I am sorry to say, not half so effectually as your side did. We of the North were fools enough to try to be at war without restricting the rights and privileges of peace,—something no other people ever did or could do,—but it cost us thousands of lives. Thank God! it is all over!"

The whole company shook hands all round on that sentiment, and Mr. Rey soon after took his leave—a wiser man than when he came, but immeasurably disgusted.

The happy lovers strolled through the pleasant walks and rested in the shady nooks of The Hermitage, which never before had seemed so de-

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lightful, and one, at least, counted in advance the procrastinating hours which must pass before the wedding day.

And so the patient reader will imagine the autumn and the winter and the early spring as having passed at last, and the day approaching when we will wish them joy as they start upon the journey of life together.

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CHAPTER XXIII.

A New Union of Hearts and Hands—The Knot is Tied, and Off They Go On Their Wedding Journey.

WINTER had passed away, and spring was melting into summer. Genevieve had graduated with all the honors which Monticello could give, and The Hermitage was gay with flowers to grace the wedding day. Invitations were out to many dear friends, and one more pressing than all had gone to Nonabel for dear Jane Waterbury and her mother. But instead of those most welcome guests came a letter as follows:

My Dearest Genevieve: Your loving letter came yesterday. Oh, how untimely it all is! I suppose I ought to have told you before; but you know I love surprises, and I waited just too long, for it is now too late to change. Your wedding comes Sunday (we keep the Sabbath at Nonabel better than you do at The Hermitage) and *mine comes Wednesday!*

I am so glad you are going to Niagara! *So are we.* Now, come right straight to Nonabel—it is not ten miles out of your way—and see how lovingly we will receive you.

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Now, don't say you can not—that it will interfere with your plans—because you can just as well come this way, and we will all go to Niagara together. I say *all*, for my invitation to you includes all who may come with you, for your friends are mine.

Telegraph me—care Henry Waterbury—that you are coming. We will meet you at the train.

Affectionately, JANE WATERBURY.

P. S. *He* prefers that you learn his name when you meet him. But I *know* you will like him. J. W.

"Here is a miss and a mystery," exclaimed Genevieve, as she handed Jane's letter to the captain.

He read the letter, and, with a pleasant laugh, said: "All right; Miss Jane is herself a mystery, and it is no wonder she loves the mysterious. Of course, I have no idea what it is; but it would be a delightful episode to go round by Nonabel, be at Jane's wedding, and all go on to Niagara together.

And so it was agreed.

The details of the wedding day at The Hermitage were nothing notable. Friends of the happy pair were there—Colonel Marshall Cauldwell, and the "grand old man" (Professor Adams), and Major Dabny, and even Mr. Rey (the discomfited French artist), together with lady friends of Gene-

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vieve's—herself the queen of all the train. And at eight o'clock in the evening the happy pair and Annie Chartervale were flying over the prairies by the Ohio & Mississippi Railroad for Cincinnati and Nonabel.

At eleven o'clock Monday morning the wedding party reached Nonabel, and were received by Jane Waterbury, her mother and her uncle, and in a brief interval were all talking at once at the Waterbury homestead.

"And now, Jane Waterbury," exclaimed Genevieve, after some degree of quiet had come, "I want the explanation of all this mystery."

"There comes the explanation now, up the front walk," replied Jane. And, before there was time for further explanation, Professor Adams entered without knocking.

Everybody was silent for a moment, and nearly everybody stared.

Captain Adams was first to speak; extending his hand to the professor, he said:

"Well, well; this must be my rebel cousin Lemuel!"

"And, by the same token," replied the professor, with a cordial hand-shake, "you are my cousin Seth, of the Union army!"

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Then there were introductions and explanations and congratulations, and everybody was happy.

It was one of a thousand similar stories. Forty years before, two brothers in Vermont set out to seek their fortunes. One went to Nashville, Tenn., the other to Illinois.

Their father, Abraham Adams, was a man of strongly-marked characteristics, and the family had been endowed with great persistency of type for many generations. His own sons were like himself, and the son of Professor Adams, of Illinois, and the two sons and daughter of Professor Adams, of Tennessee (he was a professor also), were all of the same strongly-marked type, and the two cousins who now met were almost the double of each other.

The Tennessee father had been a teacher and professor at Nashville when the war broke out, and though the daughter (whose letter the reader has already seen) was a stalwart Unionist, the sons were both in the Confederate army.

The Illinois father, as known to the reader, was the "grand old man," Professor Adams, whose son was in the Union army.

Who doubts that if the two fathers had migrated differently—the Tennessee man to Illinois and

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the Illinois man to Tennessee—that the sons would have drifted into the army which agreed with the education of each? "For as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Annie Chartervale was much amused at this homœopathic treatment of Jane Waterbury's love for Captain Adams—*Similia similibus curantur*—though she did not say so. But she did say she was "*almost* sorry there were not Captain Adamses enough to go round."

Poor Annie! She had a heart to love and to be loved. But she had devoted herself to comforting her bereaved brother, and would entertain no other passion while Dr. Chartervale lived.

But the strangest part of this reunion of the Adams family is yet to be told. Mrs. Standish, the Union sister of Professor Lemuel Adams, was there from Kankakee to attend her brother's wedding, and proved to be the identical *Yankee* woman (as Colonel Cauldwell had called her) who sliced the cucumber into infinitesimal slivers. Captain Adams had suspected this identity before, and the letter to him giving him some of her war experiences was in reply to his own letter of inquiry on that subject. She laughed heartily over the captain's story of the Yankee ear-marks

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by which Colonel Cauldwell supposed he had detected her affinity, and showed that her supposed parsimony was only a wise economy of what food there was in the house, the whole family, except her husband, having come home from a distance unexpectedly and found an empty larder.

And so this was a reunion of Unionists and former disunionists, brought together by consanguinity, cemented by marriage, and permanently united by community of interests.

And the next day Professor Lemuel Adams and Jane Waterbury were duly united in holy wedlock, and the double bridal party started together for Niagara, echoing in their hearts the well-known words:

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever
When they laurel the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day—
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

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